

IF BISMARCK WERE ALIVE.

THE RETURN OF THE BELGIAN. By Oswald Barron (Illustrated)

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IF BISMARCK WERE ALIVE

OF living men Thomas Hardy alone could do justice to the dramatic irony of the situation which gives this question point. Thirty years ago the power of the Man of Iron appeared to be unassailable.

The Czar on a visit to Berlin asked him pointedly, "Are you sure of remaining in office?" "Certainly, your Majesty," Bismarck replied, "I am absolutely sure of remaining in office all my life." That was on October 11th, 1889, and on the 13th he received a first intimation that he was reposing in a false security, that a gulf was yawning in front of him. But no such danger could have existed if the young German Emperor then had possessed a tithe of his grandfather's wisdom. When Bismarck was dying, "I do not want a lying official epitaph," he said; "write on my tomb that I was the faithful servant of my master, the Emperor William, King of Prussia." This was no more than true. He had been not only the faithful servant, but in a sense the creator of the old Emperor. To him were due alike the personal position of his master and the renewed strength of the Hohenzollern dynasty. In the short reign of Frederick he had shown himself more attached to the warlike grandson of his friend and master than to the noble, humane and liberal Frederick, who, it is safe to say, if he had lived would have started Germany along a very different path from that she has followed. The unfilial son accounted reverence of

his father as a little thing in comparison with his own ambition, and when he came to the throne professed himself the pupil of the greatest political genius the country had yet produced.

Nevertheless, he was to perform the operation Tanniel immortalised in his cartoon "Dropping the Pilot." The old servant of the imperial crown, who well understood the dangers ahead of the new school with which the young Emperor associated himself, was well qualified to hold the rudder in that new sea through which the ship of state was about to sail. But Bismarck's ambition and that of the vast majority of his countrymen who followed him and endorsed his policy was rather to build up cautiously and unsensationally a greater Germany founded upon its own thrift and enterprise than to engage in those wars for world dominion which were already dreamt of by the Pan-Germans. William, the present Emperor, greedy of personal renown and egotistic to the highest degree, could not endure the thought that he was to play a secondary part to his First Minister. In a constitutional country he would have had no choice, because Bismarck by his own genius and according to the verdict not only of his own countrymen, but of the world, towered beyond all his contemporaries, including the young Emperor. Only it had happened that in devotion to his first sovereign he had worked for the absoluteness of the German monarchy, and he was thrown down by the very power which he had brought into being and deprived of the right of appeal in direct consequence of his own political action. He was, so to speak, devoured by the dragon which he had created.

It was felt over the whole extent of Europe, and more keenly in Germany than elsewhere, that the young Emperor had made a blunder as fatal as it was selfish and ungrateful. His thoughts are not to be envied to-day if he can recall the incidents of the war engineered by Bismarck in 1870 and contrast them with the occurrences in that struggle which he has forced upon Europe. All went well in the first war, although the Emperor of that period was surrounded with contentious advisers, most of them mediocre in ability, because though full of pride and conceit, he recognised that towering above them all was a genius on whose ability and faithfulness he could rely absolutely. As a counterpart he had in the army von Moltke, a great general whose taciturn dignity enabled him to withstand as no one else could Bismarck's dictatorial and aggressive manners. The present Emperor has neither had the sagacity to select equally good ministers nor the faithfulness to secure their devotion. Hence, if the gaunt and stalwart ghost of Bismarck could be called up to confront him, there is no one living, no one who has lived, who could more trenchantly show that he is reaping what he has sown, and that in the defeat of his army and the humiliation of his country and his crown a righteous Nemesis has overtaken him.

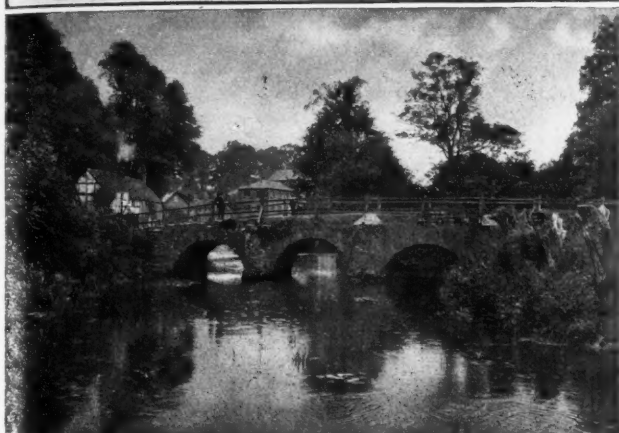
If the shade of Bismarck were possessed of a tithe of that acrid, biting wit which served him so well in life, he would be at no loss for words to address to the Kaiser. He would have to say to him that the modern House of Hohenzollern had been made by the Iron Chancellor, that he had stepped into all the power and greatness inherent in it, and that he had left it, besmirched and bedraggled, in the dust. Bismarck might tell him that he, his grandfather, Moltke, and the group of statesmen of whom they were only the more conspicuous figures, had left the German Empire as though it were meant to stand for ever, and he had allowed it to be split up again into its constituent parts. In the middle of last century was sown the seed from which sprang the prosperity of Germany. Even we who are living can remember how poor the country used to be; we know how rich it became, how full of luxury and how powerful in every respect. King William has left it the poorest country in Europe; its wealth has been blown away in explosives from which there can be no return. The youth of the Empire has been offered up in a huge sacrifice of blood as useless as it is tragic. And doubtless to these accusations Bismarck could add a hundred more of even greater bite and trenchancy.

Our Frontispiece

WE print as our frontispiece to this week's issue a portrait of the Countess of Cromer, second daughter of the fourth Earl of Minto. Lady Cromer was married to the second Earl of Cromer, then Lord Errington, in 1908, and has two daughters and a little son. She is a Lady of Grace of St. John of Jerusalem in England.

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COUNTRY



• NOTES •

GERMANY'S reply to Mr. Wilson's second note can hardly fail to convince the President of the United States that it is useless to prolong the controversy with the enemy. Everybody who has read it is left with the feeling that Dr. Solf is making no sincere effort to clear the issue; that he is indulging in argument and quibbling. One example will speak for all. The German Government protests against the charge of illegal and inhuman practices and denies that in sinking ships the German Navy has purposely destroyed lifeboats. It follows with the suggestion that the facts should be cleared up by neutral commissions. Not to waste breath in recounting the enormities of the German military forces, it is enough to recall that the deciding cause for America's entry into the war was the sinking of the *Lusitania*, and an outrage which aroused indignation and wrath in the whole world was the sinking of the mailboat, *Leinster*, at the very moment when the Germans were asking for an armistice. What need is there for a commission to investigate these crimes? Even the Emperor William confessed to his dentist and to Mr. Gerard that to kill so many women and children on the *Lusitania* was "ungentlemanly." No commission could whitewash these offences. It is impossible to argue with an adversary who swears that black is white.

PRESIDENT WILSON would seem to have no better course than formally to remit the correspondence to the Governments with which he is associated. They, in their turn, will probably find that the difficult and direct way is likely to be the most satisfactory in the end. It is to demand the unconditional surrender of the German army. Probably that will not be conceded without more fighting. The further shedding of blood is to be regretted, but it would undoubtedly be worth the sacrifice both for the Allies and even for Germany itself. At present the statesmen of our enemy are engaged in tinkering and window-dressing so as to produce a colourable show of democratisation, but if the struggle were fought to a finish the German constitution could be put on a sound and enduring basis. The military party would not be left to foment and prepare for war, they would be completely wiped out, and the nation, freed from its succubus, would be able to develop its commerce and its institutions in full accordance with the spirit of the age, which is utterly antagonistic to autocratic government of any kind.

IN our leading article to-day it is suggested that if Bismarck were alive he would recognise Nemesis in the present plight of the Kaiser. The idea might have been carried further. "False, fleeting, perjurd Clarence" saw spectres before his end came, according to Shakespeare, but William Hohenzollern might well be imagined as being confronted by hordes of them each charged with a bitter reproach. There was his father, the Emperor Frederick, the noblest of all Hohenzollerns, opposed on his deathbed and treated with most unfilial gratitude; there was his mother, the Empress, slighted and despised; and there was even his grandfather whose wise counsels were rejected, to say nothing of Prince von Bismarck, dropped incontinently by the egotistic and

foolish young Emperor. Seldom is it given to the generation which has beheld so unfragrant an example of gratitude to witness the retribution. The life of a man is brief, and though the mills of God grind exceeding small, they grind slowly, so that the penalty of wrong-doing is very often not exacted from a nation till a century or more has passed.

BUT each and all of them would be able to draw an extraordinarily vivid contrast between the results of the reign of the Kaiser's grandfather and his own. Bismarck and his old master may have been guilty of many faults, but they succeeded in building up the strongest military power on the Continent of Europe, and in so strengthening the absolute monarchy that it stood out like some massive bulwark when all the other autocratic governments of the world were tottering to their fall. They could say with the utmost truth that the present Kaiser came into a great inheritance through their help. At one fell blow it has been dissipated. In 1871 the French were at the feet of the Germans; in 1918 William himself is a suppliant. The German Empire was placed on that road to prosperity which, if followed, might have led to the highest position in Europe. Now the outcome of the war cannot be other than ruin, bankruptcy and impoverishment. The Kaiser has led the exalted Hohenzollern race to its downfall. It would require a Shakespeare or one of the great tragedians of Greece to do justice to the vengeance which Fate has meted out to the young Emperor who began his reign by defying the teachings of the gods.

IN view of a possible German surrender the question of what will become of the German navy is both interesting and important. Sir David Beatty a few days ago gave it as his opinion that the fleet must come out of Kiel at no distant date, and it is conjectured by one of our naval authorities, Colonel Burgoyne, M.P., that the Prussian Junker may calculate on certain advantages arising from a naval fight. Some of the Allied vessels would be sunk before the fleet was captured and the German people would be ill satisfied if it did not try to come to the rescue in the hour of peril. It would be quite in accordance with what they have done before if they ventured on this as a gamble. Already the apprehension has been expressed in the German newspapers that the Entente Powers might insist upon a surrender of the German Navy. Not only so but it could not be avoided unless the navy is willing to fight. If, therefore, it was only to avoid the humiliation of having to give up their ships to the Entente Powers, it would appear to be not unlikely that the authorities will determine to make a desperate bid for victory on the sea. Whether they do so or not it is well to know that the British Fleet is prepared for either contingency.

FERME LES YEUX ET TU VERRAS.

When I set out from home, it may be night:
"That journey, Dear, you will not need a light
To find the road."

But I may stray, bewildered by my fears:
"Straight on, Beloved, straight on! the milestone years
Point out the way."

But will I know the gateway where I pass?
"Though barred, Beloved, and overgrown with grass,
T'will ope for you."

Will they be there that said good-bye to me?
"Yes, Dear, but you must shut your eyes to see
Shut close your eyes—
To see."

A. HEPPLE DICKINSON.

ON Monday Mr. Leslie Scott delivered an address at the Farmers' Club which is deserving of more than passing notice. It is no disparagement to the speaker to say that others before him have expounded the case for combination and co-operation with equal logic and eloquence. But the distinguishing feature of this exposition lay in its enthusiastic reception by the audience. This was composed of representative farmers from various districts in the country, prosperous men who are working on a large scale. Of old the attitude of such men to co-operation was that it would suit little farmers such as those of Denmark and Ireland, but did not appeal to the large cultivators of this country. When the late Mr. Yerburch, some years ago, addressed a similar meeting on the same subject he encountered cold disapproval in very great contrast to the cordial reception which was given to the proposals set forward with equal

ability by Mr. Leslie Scott. One after another arose and proclaimed his conversion to the principle, while the opposition was so slight as scarcely to be perceptible. It is evident that the spirit of co-operation is in the air. Only it must be no slavish copy of that which finds favour in other countries, but constructed upon a large scale suitable to the class of men whose participation is asked for.

LORD BLEDISLOE, more familiarly known as Sir Charles Bathurst, dealt with a point of great importance in a short speech. This is the proposed elimination of the middleman. It is usual to use this term with a wide meaning, as though, under a good system of co-operation, the middleman would be completely abolished. Lord Bledisloe, in modifying this article of faith, made a clear and logical difference. He confined his objection to the unnecessary middlemen who very frequently capture a large share of the profits of production without any performance entitling them to it. It is the unnecessary middleman who must go. But the middleman whose legitimate business it is to distribute the fruits of husbandry is necessary and useful. Every stock farmer need not be a butcher nor have a share in a butcher's business; neither is it necessary or advisable for one who grows cereals to be a corn-dealer. Farmers would make a great mistake if they tried to engulf all callings which are dependent upon agriculture. They could, however, in co-operation fight successfully against combines directed against their interest and against the interest of the consumer, and they could get rid altogether of the speculating middleman who preys upon the fruits of honest industry.

ONE of the farmer speakers put the case for combination with humour and appositiveness. He told of a visit to a lunatic asylum in war-time where the patients were burly and formidable-looking men, while the attendants were mostly women, and women not remarkable for physique. "Is it not dangerous?" the superintendent was asked, and on his enquiring why, it was pointed out that if the patients combined they could easily overpower their guardians. "Oh," replied the superintendent, "lunatics are the only people in the world who are unable to combine." The audience of farmers laughed, but the truth went home. They recognise that a new burden will be laid upon them after the war. Labour will have to be paid at a higher rate than used to be the case, and British land must be made to produce more and more food. The only way to achieve these results must be by making farming so profitable as to attract men of capital and enterprise. They recognise that the roads leading to this end are by way of increasing productivity on the one hand and a combination that will secure for them the rewards of their labour on the other; hence a new enthusiasm for co-operation.

IT will be of great interest to learn what Austria has to say about Mr. Wilson's rejection of its peace offer. The President is very frank about it. He recalls that among the famous "fourteen points" there occurs the provision that Austria-Hungary should be accorded the freest opportunity of autonomous development. Since then the situation has been changed by the organisation of the Czecho-Slovaks, whose National Council must now be recognised as a *de facto* belligerent. In these circumstances the President declines to interfere until these peoples shall have an opportunity of judging for themselves as to what action on the part of the Austro-Hungarian Government will satisfy their aspirations. Thus a new situation is raised, but it arises strictly out of the principles enunciated by the President of the United States, and he is acting with perfect consistency in carrying his point further than originally seemed to be necessary. Austria will be able to judge how far she can check that disintegration which is threatened in her loosely held provinces.

MUCH attention is being directed to the decision of the Government not to bring feeding stuffs for livestock to this country after Christmas. The plain result must be the slaughter of many animals that might profitably have been kept for a longer time. The defence of the Government we imagine to be the same in principle as that for taking so many people from essential industries during the spring and summer. It would be unwise, perhaps fatal, to act on the assumption that war is likely to be concluded at once by the surrender of the enemy. This may or may not happen, but the Government at this juncture can leave nothing to chance.

The whole of the energy and resources of the country must be devoted to the purpose of winning the war, or, in more definite words, to carrying troops and provisions from America to France. Economically speaking, it may be bad that pigs and other livestock should be prematurely slaughtered. On the other hand, victory seems to be well within our grasp, and if it be necessary in order that the whole of our strength may become available, to curtail or even stop the import of feeding stuffs, the country, when it recognises the needs of the situation, cannot fail to agree with the decision. Only it might save a great deal of friction if, instead of saying this by imperative edicts, the authorities would take the public into their confidence and explain the grounds for their action.

THOSE responsible for the food consumption of a family should, before it is too late, take note that we are in for a greater scarcity this year than we have before experienced. It will affect every article of consumption. Meat, perforce, must be very scarce and dear after Christmas, bread may have to be rationed after all for very simple and unanswerable reasons. Our own harvest has fallen short of expectation owing to the inclemency of the weather during which it was gathered. Foreign and Colonial supplies are not available because the tonnage is required for the transport of men and munitions. The use of potatoes, either in the shape of flour or as a paste, in bread would be a satisfactory solution if it were not for the reports which are constantly coming in of disease among the potatoes. They appear to be all right in the ground, but no sooner are they taken up than they develop disease either in the clump or in the sack. Twenty per cent. at least will have to be taken from the original estimate of the harvest return and a proportion which it is impossible to determine just now must be deducted from the available potato supply. In these circumstances, alike in town and country, the very greatest care should be taken to avoid waste and reduce the consumption of these necessities to the lowest limit consistent with adequate nutrition.

THE SWEET-BRIER'S LANTERNS.

Huddled down in the hedge,
Ankle deep in the mire.
Close by the pathway's edge,
Shivers the lone sweet-brier—
She holds aloft her thuribles red,
Aglow with their own heart-fire.

With many a tear she drips,
That cold winds came to lend her,
When they took, in her joy's eclipse,
Leaf after leaf's surrender—
But she lifts on high her thuribles red—
Last sacred trust of her splendour.

In a winter twilight grey,
Snow-sprinkled and grim like this,
If Mary should pass this way
With the Child who is born for bliss,
By the guiding glow of the thuribles red,
Her pathway she may not miss!

AGNES S. FALCONER.

BUT the lack of essentials will be felt all the more because of the decrease in the supply of so many things that help to eke out the more important adjuncts of the table. Preserved fruit is difficult to obtain by those who have not made it for themselves. In country towns there seems to be none at all. Even the blackberries did not fill the void because of the huge quantities that had to be sent to our troops. Chickens are going up because the difficulty in obtaining food induced poultry keepers to reduce their stock to the narrowest limits. Most of them are only keeping the best of their laying hens. Game is not so plentiful this year as in times of peace. Pheasants have in some parts of the country diminished to the vanishing point, and the results of partridge shooting so far have not been satisfactory, while hares and rabbits have, except in a few out of the way districts, been subject to the raids of poachers, as well as killing on a more extensive scale than usual. We are not dwelling on this lack of food in an alarmist spirit, but only to impress on our readers the fact that there is a real necessity for a strict economy during the next few months.

THE RETURN OF THE BELGIAN

YET a little while and we shall be able to make up the full tale of all the wicked work that the German horde has done in Belgium. Long ago it was written in a book that Belgium was the famous sepulchre of antiquity: a journalist, angered by the story of new havoc, told us but the other day that Belgium, when the Germans came over the marches, was all one museum. Indeed there is no city of Flanders or Brabant which has not its monuments of the old and glorious time: there was rare old stuff up and down the land to furnish out many

museums. Yet we who have had the story of Belgium to read from day to day these four years should know well that this was neither a museum nor a sepulchre, but a nest of valiant men, of a people obstinate for freedom. Those who died in the forts of Liège, facing without hope and without fear the hosts of Germany, those who fought the desperate battle that rolled backward across Belgium, those poor citizens who endured the insolence of the barbarous conquerors all those years without bowing the heads on their starved bodies were not the people of a dead land of dreams and



From a drawing

THE BELFRY OF BRUGES.

by Andrew F. Affleck.

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memories. Once again the wonder of deliverance has been wrought in Belgium. When the Blood Council sat, when Philip of Spain declared the lives of all in those rebel provinces forfeit to his justice, when Alva's shadow darkened the sun it had seemed that Belgium would die. When every city was ruled from its German Kommandantur, when the Boche parcelled out the provinces to his taste, when the Prussian boot stamped upon every road, it seemed again that the end had come. But the Flemings and Walloons were to live free while Spain decayed. And now another marvel. King Albert, whose kingdom had shrunk to a few parishes, is being gloriously restored, and his people are winning back to hearth and home in their cities, while the German goes sullenly to his own place. Truly this is a country that shall not die but live.

There was a time when those of us who had seen Belgium as curious antiquaries and sentimental travellers dared hardly speak of the cruel mischief that was being done, as it were, before our eyes in those cities of pleasant memory. There was breaking of venerable monuments, sacking of churches, plunder and fire in houses that had weathered ancient wars. But living men, the flower of the nation, were dying in battle: there was riot of murder in Dinant and Aerschott and Termonde: deeds not to be named were done upon the old folk and the women all up and down the countryside: the hunger, the slavery of Belgium—because of these things one might hardly speak of the world's loss in precious antiquities.

Now, at last, the Belgian is returning to his ravaged fields, and we, in our sympathy, cannot but reckon up with him the lost furnishings of his cities.

It was a joyful moment in a week of victories when we had word that Bruges has escaped the fire. No city in all the world was more dear to us wandering English. It was a near neighbour of London: you might slip out of Charing Cross Station in the morning, dine with the sound of the carillon in your ears, and walk after your dinner in the peace of the silent streets, beside the narrow water of the Roya, by the haunted bridges and alleys of shadows. Change is there by daylight: what madness took old Bruges that she should stretch wires across the clear sky and harness to them those vile tramway-cars that rock and clang up the Rue des Pierres from the station and out to the gates? We who loved the city may be allowed to hope that the Boche who covets such devilish machinery has carried off those cars with him. Yet by night all her beauty came back to Bruges. There is a path by the water where you tread on pavement of the gravestones of men long dead, where moonlight enchants you as it shines upon houses of old fame, upon dark trees and bastions of a wall old when our Yorkist lords came to the tournament at Bruges. No city has the like sights for you when the sun is gone.

They say that Bruges stands whole with all her high crow-stepped gables, that the tall tower of Saint-Sauveur, the lovely spire of Notre Dame and the mighty belfry still watch over the good town. That is the best of news even for us English. Our kindest imagination will hardly help us to understand what it means to the exiles of Bruges. For the Fleming loves his city in a manner beyond our understanding. A man might be born, let us say, in St. Albans, and live half his life there near to the graves of his kindred. St. Albans is a pleasant city and good to dwell in; the abbey

church is yet a noble church for all the wanton mischief that Lord Grimthorpe's cheque-book played there; there is ancient history and new prosperity in St. Albans; there is even a town belfry which is a rare antiquity for England. Yet one might believe that, if the Huns had burned St. Albans, church and house and shop, the citizen of that place could find it in his heart to live out his days happily enough in Winchester or Reading or even in a London flat. If Bruges perished, that would be as the end of the world for a true citizen of Bruges. The war has made Belgium one; the quarrels of Walloons and Flemings ended with a hand-clasp before the face of the enemy of us all. But it is possible that, in his heart, the Bruges man still thinks of the city of Ghent as his own city's old rival and enemy; the streets of Brussels or Antwerp are to him as streets in a strange land. Bruges is mother and home to him, the only proper cradle and tomb for him. The very words in his mouth are the words of Bruges.

So it is with the citizen of any one of the other cities of Belgium; his pride and patriotism is of his city, and not of the fields beyond the gates nor of the towns beyond the fields. There is the history of the land in that resting of his soul within the walls of his native place. Belgium was ever the cockpit of Europe. Even the greatest of her nobles was more at ease within city walls than in his lonely castle; and within the city walls was that merry life, that sumptuous life with all the gay and splendid easeful furniture of it that was dear to the heart of those peoples. A Flemish lord would have the architects and the broiderers, the carvers in stone and chisellers of metal, the painters of pictures and the glaziers of coloured windows all at work together in his town house if he had the money with which an English lord would have bought a brace of manors to add to the lands over which he rode and hunted and farmed.

That is why the Flemish cities grew to such beauty and wealth that the twentieth century can still see much remains from the glorious days when our forefathers, looking on the duke's court at Bruges, "heard never of none like it, save King Arthur's court" in the romance book. When the German battered Ypres to pitiful ruins he slew a wonder of the old world; when he was driven off from Bruges we could have shouted like those who saw the Lady Sabra delivered by St. George from the Dragon.

At this time we are between hope for the cities that stand and woe for those that are fallen. Bruges and Ghent and Brussels live yet; Antwerp may be healed from her wounds; there is no ill news from Oudenarde, where the town hall is like a jewel wrought in stone by a goldsmith's hand; nor from Tournay, where the vast bulk of the great church rides high above all the roofs. But Ypres is dead and never shall revive, that noble city that lived so kindly, so quietly about the massy stones of the Linen Hall. Merry little Dinant is tumbled to ruins; we remember the fate of Louvain as though the crime were yesterday's.

In English cities where no smell of the fire has come there may be gentle talk of days when the German shall have purged himself of his black offences, so that he can be taken for a neighbour again. It may be so, yet while one citizen of Ypres or Louvain wanders like a homeless ghost it would not be well with the man who should offer him, brotherly, a German hand.

O. P.

WHERE THERE IS NO PEACE

Corrupt and vile in their wickedness
They sue for a white man's peace,
With their crimes blood-red upon them
They demand that the fighting cease.
The burning of cities shall light them
On the road to the peace they shall win,
The outraged women shall guide them
To the place of the payment of sin.

The tortured and mutilated
Shall dog them along the road,
And the cries of the martyred children
Shall act as a maddening goad.
So the peace they have earned shall be with them
In market, and city, and state,
They shall wander for aye through the world ways
Outcast, the offspring of hate.

M. G. MEUGENS.

THE NINEPENNY LOAF.

THE ninepenny loaf, so to speak, has been a good citizen. He has done his bit in the war, and that bit is much more important than most people imagine. Bread is the staff of life, and if there is enough of it a country can always make shift to get through such a critical period as we have experienced and are, indeed, still experiencing. In former wars the dearth of bread was one of the greatest calamities. It meant privations to the poor, often to such an extent as endangered life. During the Peninsular War, in the years before Waterloo was fought, the quarter loaf rose to 1s. 10½d. at a time when wages were small, and in those days the working classes were hard put to it to find enough food for bare subsistence. They invented all sorts of makeshifts, such as grinding acorns to make a kind of flour, and used many field products, usually grown for cattle, for the same purpose. It was, therefore, a good inspiration that led the present Government to take means for maintaining the loaf at the very moderate price which has been paid for it, practically speaking, during the whole period of the war. The expense should not be grudged, heavy though it undoubtedly is. The cost to the country of maintaining the loaf at the ninepenny rate was estimated at the beginning to be about £40,000,000 a year, and the actual cost has exceeded the estimate, though not enormously. The method adopted was probably the best that could be found for such a makeshift. Many erroneous statements on the point have appeared in the papers, and few people seem to understand exactly how the thing was done. It has been stated that this subsidy has been a present to the agricultural community; but that is far from being the case. Nothing whatever has been paid to the farmers for the purpose of keeping down the price of bread. What happened was that the milling trade was taken over by the Government very much in the same way as the railways have been taken over. The flour had to be supplied to the baker at a fixed price of a little over 4½s. a sack of 280lbs. At the prices which had to be paid for wheat this could not be done profitably and the shortage was made good to the millers. They have worked very loyally indeed in circumstances which made it absolutely impossible for them to earn what are sometimes called war profits and sometimes profiteering. The price of the loaf, instead of 9d., would probably work out at 1s. at the present price of English wheat, and if the market had not been controlled it would have risen considerably above a shilling. Here was a great gain. In addition, it should be said that the 9d. loaf has, on the whole, borne a good character. It is war bread, and that is to say it could not be made of the fine white flour used in peace times. At its institution, when there was a considerable scarcity of wheat, all kinds of cereals had to be utilised. The nature of the added cereals depended largely on the neighbourhood where the flour was produced. In some parts of England barley is more plentiful; in others, maize was ground and added, and corn of various kinds was used in the same way. But an endeavour was made to produce a loaf that was uniform in appearance and had the same food value wherever it came from; that is to say, the additional matter was added after careful analysis for the purpose of deciding its nutrient qualities, and this regulated the amount. There was also a difference due to the sort of wheat available in each area. North American, Argentine and English wheat differ in palatability and other respects, but they were used where they were most easily procurable, and adjustment was made in regard to the percentage of flour to be milled from each. The loaf, for instance, of East Anglia, coming from the great wheat-producing district of Great Britain, had for its chief ingredient English wheat. London obtains a great deal of its supplies from the Argentine, just as Liverpool obtains supplies from Canada and the United States of America. Every endeavour was made to secure uniformity under greatly varying conditions.

Had the Germans succeeded in formulating terms of surrender acceptable to the Allies the 9d. loaf would at once have been very much improved. As it happens, there are in existence at the present moment stocks of wheat large enough to answer every requirement of the Allies, with a little over. They come from the bumper harvests of Canada and the United States of America. They are not available as long as the war lasts, because until then every plank of tonnage will be needed to carry American reinforcements across the Atlantic, with their supplies of food and equipment. When it comes to be a matter of sending over a quarter of a million troops a month this is no light or easy task, but the home-keeping population will regard the sacrifice of an improvement in their daily bread as a very light one to be

gladly performed if it is to effect an appreciable result, as it surely will, in winning the war and doing so expeditiously. Meanwhile, we can reinforce the wheat with a liberal admixture of potato flour or potato paste. No one would object in the slightest to a combination of wheat and potato, each wholesome in itself and wholesome in combination with the other. With a crop as large as we have this year there ought to be no difficulty whatever in providing enough potatoes to use for all the flour we need. It may very possibly happen that those who use this compound bread under compulsion may prefer to do so of their own free will after the war. In many parts of the Continent potatoes have been used with wheat from time immemorial, and the consumers would be extremely sorry if they had to do without them.

But, much as we admire the resourcefulness with which the possible shortage of bread was met, we hope that the time is rapidly approaching when it will be possible to do without this artificial fixation of price. It was primarily a war expedient and can be justified by the fact of its having promoted the comfort and contentment of the population at a time when other nations were suffering from the scarcity of bread. But in any sound agricultural policy which is adopted after the war is over there can be no subvention of the loaf. The subsidy places the consumer in a wrong position. He pays his 9d. and thinks he has bought his loaf, whereas he has only partly bought it, the remainder being paid for by the Government. What was admirable for a time of stress would not be suitable for a time of peace. Opinion during the war has greatly ripened in regard to matters of this kind. It is felt that the working man, whether he be a "hand" in a factory or an agricultural labourer, should receive wages in a direct manner. We can never again let any portion of the population be so ill paid that they cannot afford to buy at its true value the most important necessary of life. That is the main contention. In the new world which must begin with the signing of peace it is desirable that every class and every interest should, so to say, be self-contained. There will always be labour unrest unless the worker is able to earn wages that will enable him to pay for what he consumes. Moreover, the Government of the future will not be in the position of a rich uncle who can supplement earnings out of an unfathomable pocket. It will have no sums of £40,000,000 a year to give away. The effort of the country, we hope, will be, by economy on the one hand and industry and enterprise on the other, to reduce the immense debt that has been piled up, and to recover the prosperity which made the war possible.

The millers have some cause to complain that whereas under war conditions many commercial enterprises have been conducted at huge profit, they have had to be content with dividends which are practically the same as their concerns yielded in peace time. The farmer has made profit out of the high price of grain, though probably he is not making so much now as he did in the first two years of the war. He was permitted, however, to do this for a very definite reason, namely, that it was required of him that he should grow more cereals than he had done before, and carry out a great ploughing programme for the purpose. His extra profits are to be set down as a reward for his having increased the national foodstuffs. With the miller this would not apply. His business is to manufacture, not to grow, and therefore his chances of reaping a good harvest from the necessities of war have been curtailed. It is to his credit that he has not grumbled; but in the future he must be left to reap the reward of his own enterprise. If that were not done he would have no inducement to extend and perfect his business, thereby adding to the comfort of the community at large. Invention and enterprise must be encouraged among millers just as they should be among other manufacturers. We do not suggest, however, that this change should be made prematurely or abruptly. As far as feeding the people is concerned, war conditions will take some time to change. Those live in a fools' paradise who imagine that the moment peace is signed there will, as it were, be an overflow of milk and honey. The nations are hungry and a great deal of land has been left untillied because of the war, a great deal has been devastated and will require reclamation, and so a considerable time must elapse before the economic situation reverts to the normal. Farmers are given five years of minimum prices after the war is over, and it will be for statesmen to decide whether the 9d. loaf shall have a similar period of existence, or whether its obsequies can be performed at an earlier date. On the whole the 9d. war loaf deserves a good epitaph.

THE CAPTURE OF BAALBEK & THE LEBANON



SIX COLUMNS OF THE TEMPLE OF THE SUN.

THE great victory won by the Allied forces under General Allenby, by which the Turkish army in Syria has practically ceased to exist, opened the way to a general advance northwards. After the occupation of Damascus and Beyrout an advance was made through the mountain ranges of the Lebanon towards Homs and Aleppo, the taking of which latter place will give complete control of the Syrian end of the Baghdad Railway and of the important port of Alexandretta, the best harbour in the country. From Damascus the railway to the north traverses the Bek'a'a, a long, fertile valley between the Lebanon and Anti-Lebanon ranges. In the middle of this valley on the slope of the latter range is situated the ancient town of Baalbek celebrated for its wonderful ruins. Baalbek is a small and prosperous town, a large part of the population being Christian, and it is the seat of the government of a province of the same name and a military centre. Ya'kûbî, an Arab writer of the ninth century, speaks of Baalbek as one of the finest towns of Syria, and other writers make allusion to this beautiful spot and its wonderful ruins. It is spoken of by the geographer, Nur Kaddasi, as the coolest place in Syria. As the name Baalbek, which is Semitic in origin, implies, it was connected from early times with the worship of the Sun, probably meaning the city of Baal in the Bek'a'a, by which the plain is known. The Phœnicians here erected a great temple to Baal constructed

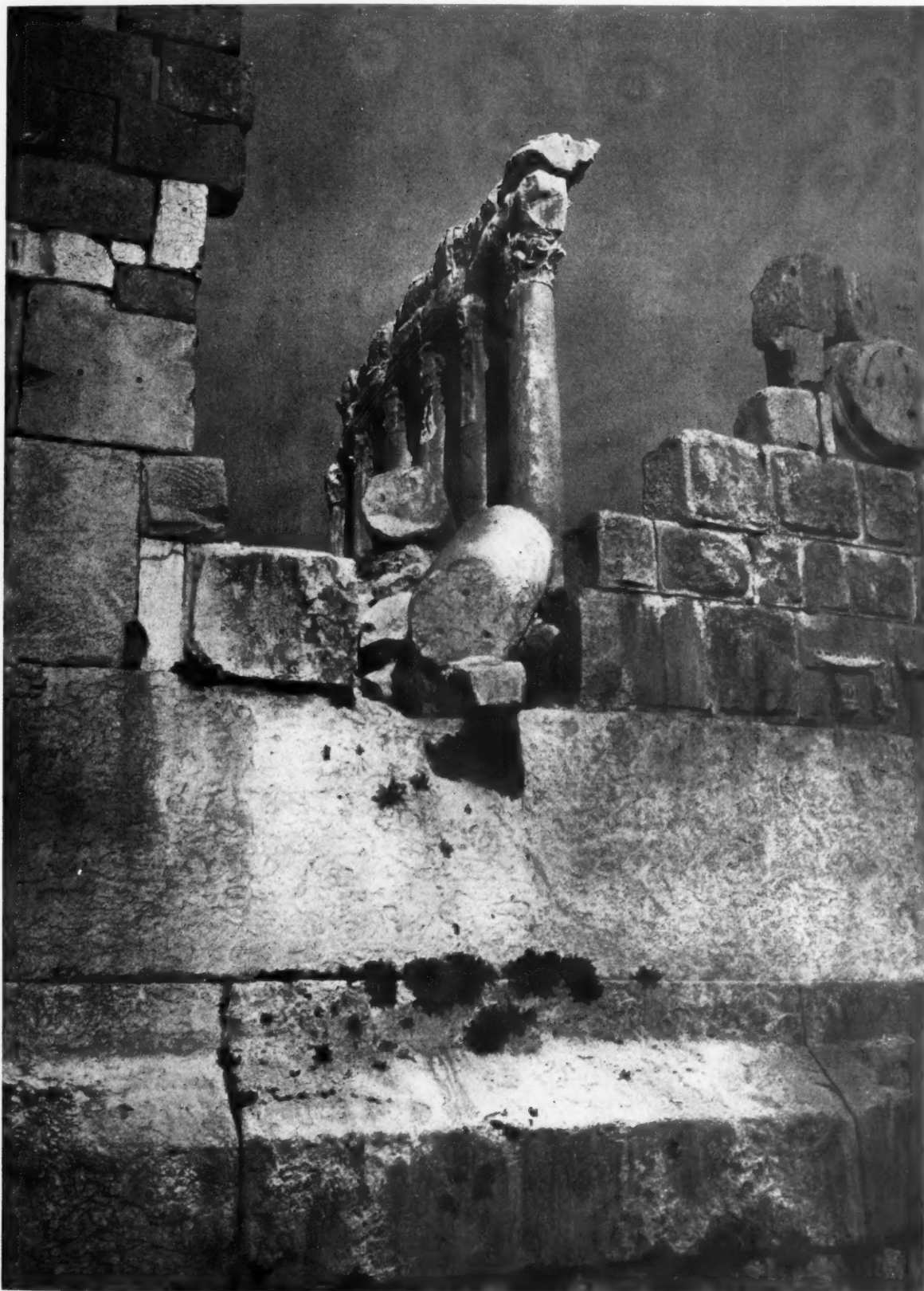
with colossal stones after their manner. This was afterwards utilised and reconstructed in the Græco-Roman period, when the name Baalbek took the Greek form of Heliopolis. Julius Caesar gave it the privileges of a Roman Colony, and, later, Antoninus Pius, in the last part of the second century, A.D., built the beautiful temple of Jupiter, and the great temple of the Sun was erected about the same time. These two temples would appear to be represented on coins of the time of Septimus Severus some thirty years later, and they carry the inscription on the reverse, "Colonia Heliopolis Jovi Optimo Maximo Heliopolitano." The great temple of the Sun is erected on the site of the Phœnician temple of Baal, and at the western end of the sub-structure are to be seen three colossal monoliths which, with other lesser ones, are placed in the wall at a height of 20ft. from the ground level, and measure respectively 64ft., 63½ft. and 62ft. in length, by 13ft. in thickness and about the same in breadth. The writer notes that they are so beautifully squared and fitted that, although without mortar, it would be difficult to put a knife between them. The quarry from which these gigantic stones were brought is about half a mile away; and there another one, still larger, is to be seen. This is 68ft. long and, being squared on all sides, was left in process of being cut from the rock below, when rollers would have been placed under it. But of what were they, and what power was sufficient to move and control



CORNER OF THE PERISTYLE OF THE TEMPLE OF JUPITER.

this immense mass of limestone rock? The Roman builders would appear to have largely re-used the stones of the earlier Phœnician work. The temple of the Sun itself had 54 columns, 19 each on the north and south sides, and 10 each on the east and west sides. On the south side 6 of these great columns

the east and west sides, and 8 on the north and south. These were 65ft. in height, the shafts being 6ft. 6ins. at the base, and 5ft. 8ins. at the top. The entablature was 12ft. high, the distance between the columns and the cella is 10ft., the ceiling being formed by great slabs of stone connecting them, and beautifully



WALL OF THE SUB-STRUCTURE, SHOWING PART OF ONE OF THE GREAT STONES OF THE PHœNICIAN TEMPLE OF BAAL.

still remain standing. They are 75ft. in height, including base and capital, while the entablature above adds another 14ft.; the shafts consist of 3 blocks only, joined with iron ties, their diameter is 7ft. 3ins. at the base and 6ft. 6ins. at the top. To the south is the temple of Jupiter, this is 227ft. by 117ft., and on a lower level, it also faced east, and had a beautiful portico and stone staircase, nothing of which remains. The peristyle had 42 columns, 15 on

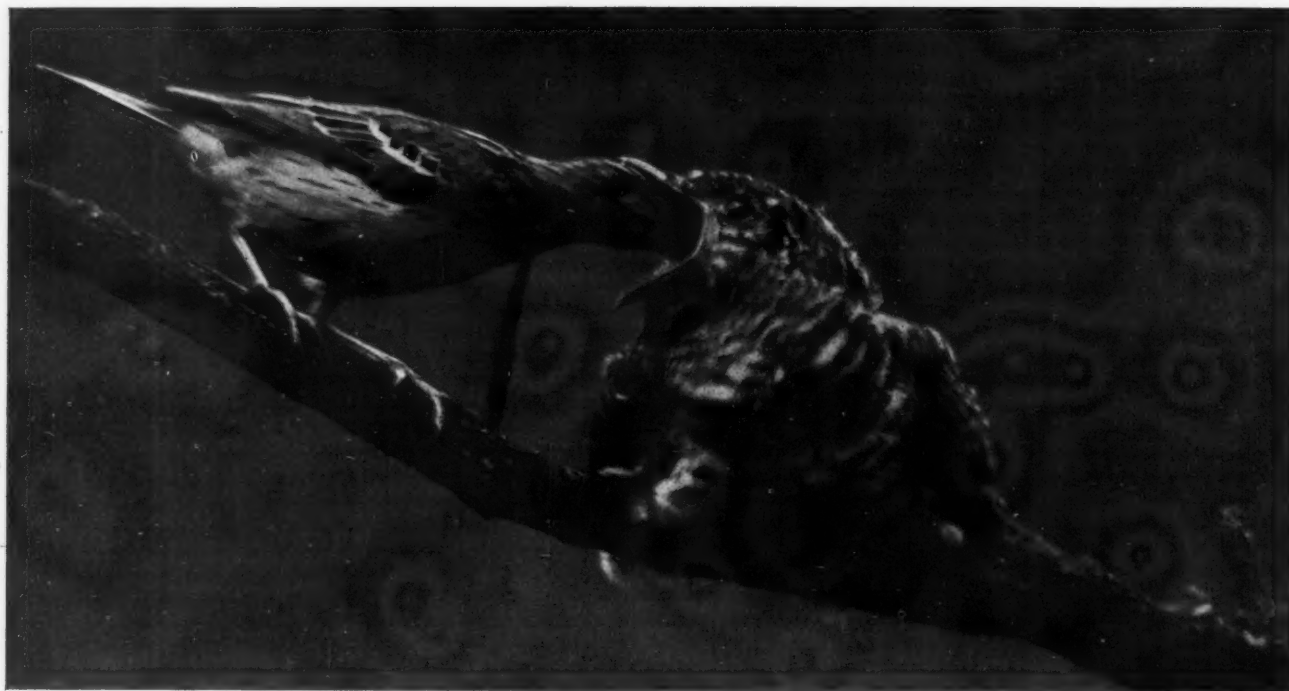
decorated. The north façade is the best preserved, where nine columns out of fifteen still remain in position.

About 300yds. from the great temples is the small shrine of Venus, a circular sanctuary of exquisite workmanship; this was once surrounded by columns, but only traces of these remain. It has been turned into a Christian church, and was so used till within recent times by the Greeks.

H. K. HARRIS.

SOME NOTES ON THE CUCKOO

BY EDGAR CHANCE.



A. Brook.

TREE PIPIT AND YOUNG CUCKOO.

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WITHIN a few miles of Bewdley, on the south side of the River Severn, there is a small common, the circumference of which is about 1,500 yards. This common is beautifully situated, being semi-surrounded by the Wyre Forest, the Wrekin, in Shropshire, and the Cleve Hills overshadowing Ludlow visible in the distance.

The contour of the common is decidedly undulating and it is covered with gorse and bracken in different stages of growth, owing to the fires which periodically destroy the overgrowth.

In the latter half of May (during which month I saw over forty clutches of six and three clutches of seven tree pipit's eggs of varied and beautiful types) my attention was continually directed towards the noisy cuckoos which appeared to frequent the common night and day. As two years ago I had seen on this common five eggs within three weeks, all laid by the same cuckoo, I decided to try my luck this year, making the search as thorough as possible.

It was on the evening of June 3rd (Monday) that I strolled to the common and had not been tapping and examining the larger gorse bushes much longer than half an hour when I came upon a meadow pipit's nest containing two fresh eggs and the egg of a cuckoo. This nest was in the centre of a sturdy but compact gorse bush, bordering on a footpath leading to a cottage only 20 yards distant. The entrance to the nest was L-shaped. Subsequently the meadow pipit laid two more eggs.

I would incidentally remark here that I have frequently found the tree pipit will lay its last egg in the empty nest, or even in the depression from where the nest and the first eggs have been taken, but I am of the opinion that the tree pipit would only exceptionally continue to lay in its nest if the eggs were taken before the deposition of more than the last egg.

Pursuing the hunt, I found a second meadow pipit's nest within an hour, which also contained two fresh eggs of the meadow pipit, and one egg obviously laid by the same cuckoo. I was naturally fired with enthusiasm to continue the chase the following evening (Tuesday, June 4th) and was rewarded by seeing a skylark's nest containing two fresh eggs and an egg of the same cuckoo. Now it must be clear that these three cuckoo's eggs, unquestionably laid by the same cuckoo, were deposited within a very few days of each other, probably on almost consecutive days.

The following week-end I spent a great deal of time on the common, but was unsuccessful in finding any nests whatever containing eggs, except a skylark's with four eggs, well incubated.

On Saturday, June 15th, I again spent some time on the common and before long came to the conclusion from watching a cock meadow pipit that its nest was within a very limited area. I set to work to beat the likely ground and soon flushed the hen from the nest, which contained two eggs and another egg (the fourth) from this particular cuckoo which was the subject both of my search and of this record. One of the pipit's eggs was pierced with two holes, on opposite sides of the shell, with the result that it was stuck fast to the cuckoo's egg. An examination of the pierced pipit's egg satisfied me that the holes were made by the cuckoo attempting to remove this egg from the nest, and, for some

reason, not doing so. Personally, I am of the opinion that the cuckoo conveys its egg to the foster parent's nest in its beak and, according to circumstances, removes one or even two (sometimes no eggs at all) from the nest of the foster parent.

I suggest that in the case of the nest, mentioned later on, which I found containing only one pipit's egg and two cuckoo's eggs, all of which were about five or six days incubated, one of the cuckoos in all probability removed two eggs from the nest. It is said that on occasions the cuckoo will place its egg in an empty nest prior to the foster-parent having commenced to lay, and if such be the case it is perfectly clear that no egg could possibly be removed!

The next evening, Sunday, June 16th, I took a friend on to the common to pursue the hunt, and towards 7 o'clock we were joined by a local resident who has for years past interested himself with me in my pastime. He brought with him a friend and a collie dog. I soon saw that the pipits got very agitated by the presence of the collie and think it was this that contributed to our success in finding within the next hour three pipits' nests, each containing a cuckoo's egg. The three nests were all within 150 yards of each other.

The first nest contained three eggs, about four days incubated, and the fifth egg of the cuckoo. The next nest, found by searching close to where the hen-bird showed considerable agitation, contained four eggs about five days incubated and the sixth egg of the particular cuckoo.

Upon finding the next nest I was at first disappointed that besides containing one fresh egg of the meadow pipit the cuckoo's egg obviously belonged to another cuckoo. I may mention here that the eggs of the first cuckoo were rather small and in no case marked with the familiar ink-like spots so usual on the cuckoo's egg; whereas, the eggs of this second cuckoo were very large and profusely marked in the manner described.

By a bit of good luck I was carrying two addled eggs of the finely spotted red variety of the tree pipit; it suddenly occurred to me that, this being the only meadow pipit's nest which I had so far found which did not contain an egg of my favourite cuckoo, there would be a sporting chance that the cuckoo would yet place an egg in this nest, seeing that it so far contained only one fresh egg of the foster-parent. Thereupon, I replaced the meadow pipit's and cuckoo's eggs by the two tree pipit's eggs.

The next morning I visited the nest and removed another meadow pipit's egg which had been laid alongside the eggs of the tree pipit, in order not to leave a "mixed" clutch, to greet the expected cuckoo. Until the following Friday evening, June 21st, I was not able to return to the locality, but immediately upon doing so I visited the nest, confidently anticipating that it had been visited in the meantime by my favourite cuckoo. I was not disappointed, and it is an interesting fact that the nest contained instead of the two tree pipit's eggs, only one, and the seventh egg of my favourite cuckoo. It had been a wet day and, as the nest was quite moist, and the eggs cold, it was evident that the meadow pipit had forsaken; with so much intrusion this was hardly surprising! The fact that there was only one tree pipit's egg is good evidence that in this instance the cuckoo removed the

other. If she proceeded to eat the egg, she was rewarded for her felony by finding it addled!

Having thus far identified seven eggs from the same cuckoo, besides one egg from another cuckoo, from the only seven meadow pipits' nests I had discovered, I was naturally fired with enthusiasm to spend hours and hours longer in the search on subsequent days!

The next day, Saturday, June 22, produced another meadow pipit's nest containing a lusty young cuckoo about six days old, which, I imagine, was hatched from one of the first eggs laid by my favourite cuckoo. This was a great disappointment to me, as I was hopeful of finding all the eggs laid by this cuckoo. It has often puzzled me as to how the young cuckoo, soon after hatching, has the strength to remove and to keep out of the nest permanently its rightful occupants, the young of the foster-parents. I refer to cases where the nest is in the ground, where one would have thought that the parent birds, upon returning to the nest, would have rescued their writhing youngsters and replaced them in the nest under their protecting care; in this particular case, it is nothing short of a wonder how the young cuckoo displaced the other young birds, for the reason that the pipit's nest was in a hole at least 8 inches deep, so deep that even when the young cuckoo was nearly ready to fly, its back did not nearly reach to the surface of the surrounding ground.

Later in the afternoon of the same day I was successful in flushing another meadow pipit from her nest, which contained one of her own eggs and an egg of each of the two cuckoos. This made the eighth egg of the one and the second egg of the other cuckoo. These eggs were about six days incubated, and this is the nest to which I referred earlier, suggesting that one of the two cuckoos probably removed two of the meadow pipit's eggs. It would be interesting to know whether there has ever been an authenticated case of a cuckoo removing an egg of another cuckoo when placing its own egg in the nest of the foster-parents. Presumably this would very rarely, if ever, occur, for the reason that the second cuckoo would naturally leave undisturbed another egg of similar size to its own in the nest of its dupe, thus attracting less attention to its own felonious visit.

The next day, Sunday, June 23rd, I spent many hours pursuing the hunt and in the evening was just about to leave the common when I saw a meadow pipit on the brow of the hill, about 50 yards away, perching suspiciously on a bit of dead bracken and holding a grub in its beak. My first impression, that here was another nest probably containing a young cuckoo which I had missed, was removed when, after watching the bird drop down on to the common, I walked to the spot, and almost immediately after the bird, which turned out to be the cock, had flown away a few yards distant, the hen bird fluttered from the nest at my feet. The male bird had fed the female when sitting on her fresh eggs. This nest was in very short grass and sprouting gorse, but was cleverly concealed owing to a couple of burnt twigs lying right over the top of the nest. To my joy it contained three eggs of the meadow pipit and the third egg of the second cuckoo.

For many hours I searched the common in vain on Saturday, June 29th, but on Sunday evening, June 30th, after having spent most of the day there, I was just leaving when, by a stroke of good luck, I flushed a meadow pipit from a nest containing three of her own eggs and one egg from each of the two cuckoos. The eggs were about four days incubated.

This nest was of particular interest to me for the reason that about a week previously I had watched a cuckoo which was itself watching a pipit close to this particular spot. The cuckoo, which I am satisfied was one of the two under observation, intending to find this nest in which to deposit an egg, sat in a tree in an adjoining orchard, about 200 yards from where the male meadow pipit was continually settling, and at length the cuckoo flew directly among the bracken and gorse, apparently down alongside the pipit. In a few moments the cuckoo got up and flew to the other side of the common, pursued by the meadow pipit. Thereafter the meadow pipit returned and, for a long time that evening and the next day, showed extraordinary concern whenever I approached the spot. I was puzzled, and hunted the ground over and over again; ultimately I gave it up very dissatisfied, and when I found this nest about a week later it turned out to be within about 10 yards of the spot I had so persistently hunted and just outside my radius of search.

In this connection I should like to remark that what was previously a mystery to me was now made plain. I could never understand how it came about that just when a cuckoo wanted to lay an egg it found a nest in a suitable condition in which to place it. It is obvious that there is only a period of a few days when any nest is a suitable receptacle for a cuckoo's egg, for a cuckoo will only exceptionally place its egg in an empty nest or in a nest that contains incubated eggs. From my observation of this particular cuckoo during this season I suggest that it is a cuckoo's habit, first to seek out by the process of watching its dupes' nests suitable for its eggs and, having done so, to lay its eggs on dates to suit the requirements of the foster-parents.

To my mind this explanation accounts for the irregularity with which cuckoos lay their eggs, for if one studies the dates upon which the nine eggs of this particular cuckoo were found and takes into account their respective states of incubation, I suggest it will be found that the nine eggs and that which hatched out, making ten in all, were laid approximately as follows: Four eggs between the 1st and the 4th of June. The others on the 8th, 10th, 13th, 15th, 18th and 25th June.

From the study I have made of certain other small birds, and, in particular, of the red-backed shrike, of which I have found upwards of 500 nests, I have conclusively proved that if a nest of eggs be destroyed, which nest, had it not been destroyed, would have contained the only clutch of eggs laid by the bird that year, that bird will immediately commence to build another nest and will usually lay the first egg of its new clutch on the fifth morning, and, on rare occasions, even on the fourth morning after the first nest was destroyed. This being an ascertained fact, I suggest that a cuckoo is quite likely to produce its eggs within four or five days after finding the nests of its dupes, either in the process of building or containing one or, at most, two eggs.

Anxious to ascertain whether I had really found all the cuckoos' eggs deposited on the common, and with the knowledge that any pipits' nests containing young birds, and, in particular, a young cuckoo, would be easily found, I returned to the locality on the evening of Friday, July 5th, and spent most of the Saturday and Sunday that week-end on the common.

To my dismay I did find that I had missed one nest with at least one cuckoo's egg in it, for, on the evening of Saturday, July 6th, I watched a pair of pipits with grubs in their beaks anxious to go to their nest, and although in the case of meadow pipits the parent birds will seldom, when realising they are under observation, fly directly to the nest, but prefer rather to run to the nest from a distance, thus being lost to view, I roughly located the whereabouts of the nest and very soon found it, containing a lusty young cuckoo aged about six days. I was particularly vexed to have missed this nest for the reason that on June 23rd I had seen what I am now satisfied was undoubtedly the hen bird of this nest anxious to return to her nest, but, having at that time only just disturbed another meadow pipit on her nest, containing a cuckoo's egg not more than 70 yards away, I foolishly concluded that the hen bird belonged to the nest I had found, and this lessened the interest I took in watching this bird back to her nest. In point of fact, I had on several occasions passed within 4 yards of the nest which I now found with the young cuckoo.

Thus it was impossible to say whether this nest had contained an egg from each of the two cuckoos or from only one. The only remnant of ejection which I found was an addled egg of the pipit. For sanitary reasons the foster-parents would obviously remove any dead young. If there had been a battle royal between two young cuckoos in this nest, it is obvious that the first cuckoo which I had under observation laid no less than eleven eggs on the common during the season and this presupposing that I found the nests of all its dupes. If only one cuckoo's egg were laid in this nest, then I think that it was probably that of the second cuckoo which began to lay some time later, and for four of whose eggs I have accounted.

On the evening of Sunday, June 30th, a boy who was with me found the only meadow pipit's nest on the common with eggs which came under my observation this year and did not ultimately contain a cuckoo's egg. I watched the nest to see if either of the cuckoos would deposit an egg there, but the pipit ultimately sat on four eggs and was undisturbed by either cuckoo.

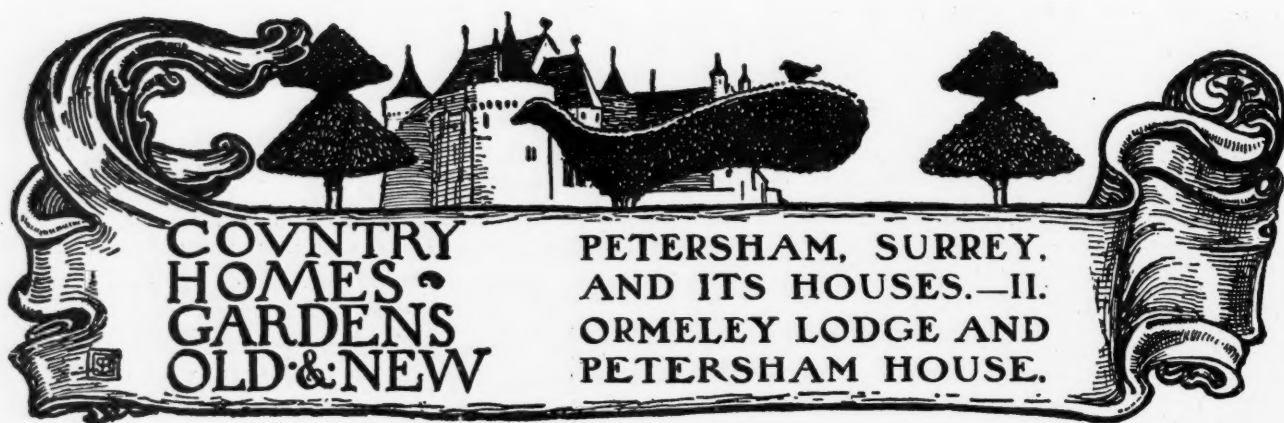
Again, and for the last time, on the evening of Monday, July 22nd, I visited the common for the express purpose of satisfying myself that there were no more young cuckoos, but all that I could find was a meadow pipit's nest, containing four little birds which had presumably hatched that day.

I suggest that these last two records support my opinion that I have accounted for all the cuckoos' eggs which were laid on the common during the season. As to whether the cuckoo of whose eggs I only found four laid a certain number of her series off the common I have no decided opinion, but I do suggest that the number of eggs which a cuckoo is liable to lay in any season is not only dependent upon her age, but upon the number of nests of suitable dupes which she succeeds in finding in the particular locality which any individual cuckoo frequents.

A friend of mine who has had vast experience of reed-warbler cuckoos has satisfied himself that, as a rule, each female cuckoo frequents during each breeding season a quite limited and usually quite definite area. If that be the case with all cuckoos and if it be also admitted that in the majority of cases a female cuckoo deposits all her eggs in nests of the same or similar species (and upon this point I should much like to hear what there is to be said), then I submit that as a rule the number of eggs laid by any individual cuckoo is to some extent dependent upon the number of nests available of any given species in a very limited area.

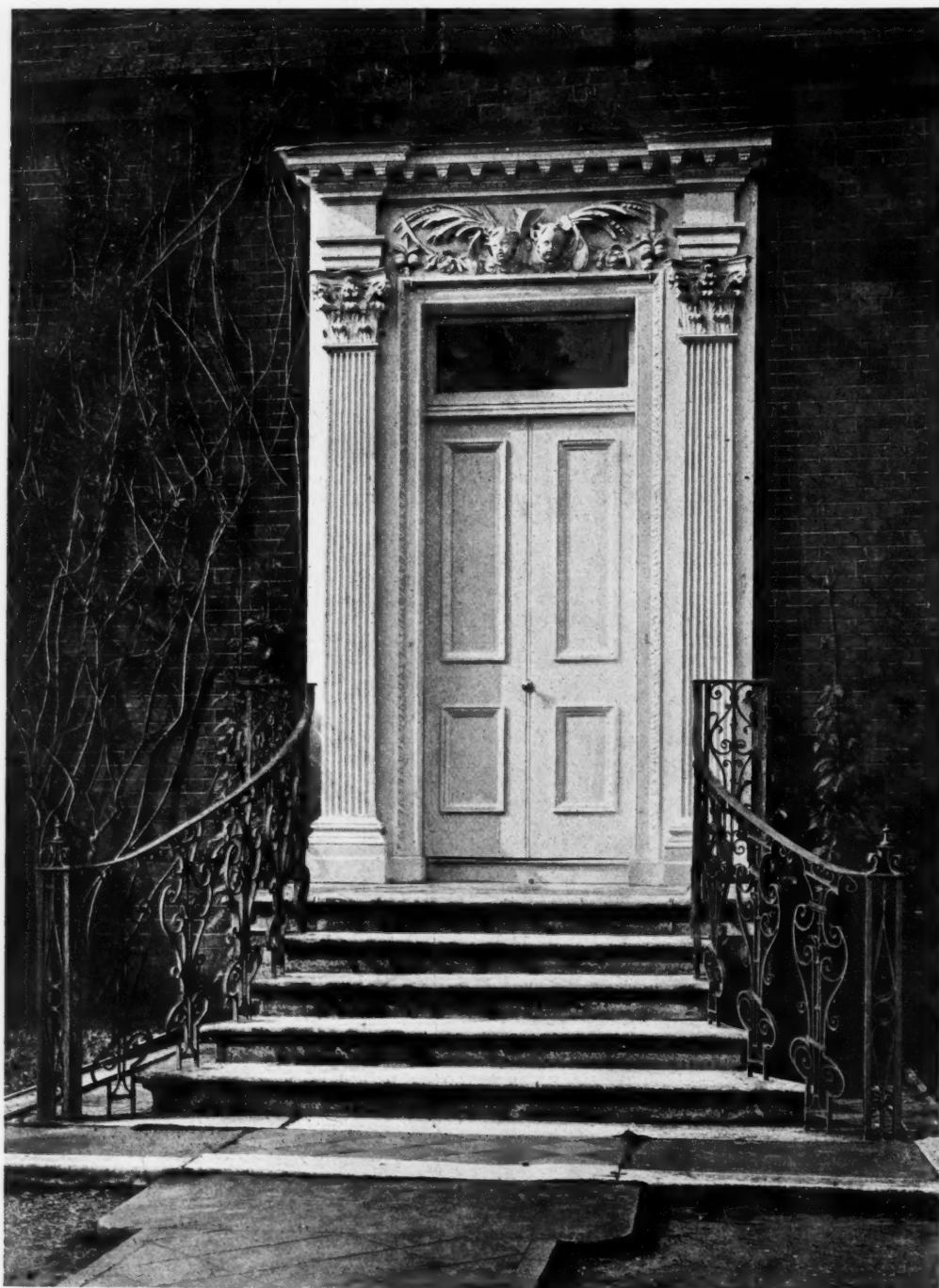
In the case of meadow pipits and this particular locality, I can vouch for the fact that it would be impossible to find a meadow pipit's nest off the common within a mile, owing to the nature of the surrounding country. Thus I conclude that in all probability the whole of the eggs laid by the one cuckoo, *i.e.*, ten or eleven, have been accounted for on the common, all of which were laid in meadow pipits' nests, with the exception of the one in the skylark's; while in the case of the other cuckoo, in all probability she was an ageing bird and laid a small series of five, or at most six eggs, restricting her attentions to meadow pipits and the common.

I have described my study of these cuckoos in this particular locality at very considerable length and in such manner as to stimulate criticism and discussion, for the purpose of ascertaining all there is to know worth knowing and of interest about the habits of the cuckoo in the breeding season.



THE position of Petersham on the banks of the river below the hill of Richmond is one of a peaceful retirement, characteristically English. It is easy to imagine that the settlement was an ancient one, and the quaint church, though outwardly of Georgian character, embodies in its walls fragments of the lancet windows of an earlier chapel. The manor belonged to the Abbey of

St. Peter at Chertsey, and stands recorded in Domesday Book as "Patricesham." Petersham House, adjoining the church, is a singularly interesting house of the Georgian period, and though reconstructed to some extent early in the nineteenth century, as is evident by the added top storey, the balcony on the garden side, and the circular Ionic porch on the entrance front, enshrines a notable staircase painted



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DOORWAY TO ORMELEY LODGE.

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DOORWAY TO DRAWING-ROOM.

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THE STAIRCASE, PETERSHAM HOUSE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

in the style of Verrio and Thornhill. There are six good mantelpieces, three of which belong to the 1770 period, while the others appear to be later insertions, though based on examples of the same period. The plan of the house is very lucid and simple; a middle entrance vestibule 6ft. 6ins. wide leads to two rooms facing the garden at the back. The front room on the right of the entrance balances the principal and back staircases on the left. The principal staircase, though not large in itself, is most effectively planned, leading up to a large double drawing-room on the first floor. The entrance doorway to this room is a fine piece of woodwork. The general character of the woodwork of the staircase is that of the Wren period, and the mouldings and detail follow the same lines as those of his additions to Hampton Court. The subjects of the paintings that decorate the walls and soffits of the staircase are not very obvious or easily made out in these less classically minded days. Apollo and Daphne can be distinguished in one panel, but the subject of the general scheme would appear to be a lost tradition. The general impression of the visitor at Hampton Court is that someone has received an apotheosis; but the procedure, and even the occasion, are left wrapped in an obscurity as palpable as the billowy clouds beloved by the painters of these high mysteries. It is sufficient that the tone and colour of the Petersham staircase is a delightful whole, and that the decorative interest has for once extinguished the didactic theme that served as a basis for the scheme. The "power of mind" which Johnson thought justified the huge Adelphi canvases of Barry is apt to be as volatile as the painter's medium, and will, in fact, but seldom keep alive paintings that aspire to be, but are not, truly decorative.

The most effective example of the mantelpieces, which are a leading attraction in the interior, is in the first floor drawing-room. It is of white marble, with insertions of the Derbyshire blue John. The garlands on the frieze are finely cut and pinned on this dark-coloured background as though they were castings in ormolu. The sculpture of the central panel is apparently a St. Cecilia from the number and variety of the musical instruments introduced. The other two early mantelpieces are in the dining and morning rooms, situated on the ground floor below this drawing-room. The background marble of the chimneypiece in the former room appears to be a brocatelle, or brecchia, rather than the true verde antique, as there is a strong tone of purple in the green colour of the insertion. The central panel is evidently Bacchus, the thyrsus being introduced. It is possible that the corresponding mantelpiece is somewhat later. The surround has the appearance of being a French marble, which is rather strong in colour for the more antique material of the inlays of the fluted frieze. The two little figures, very small in scale, are finely executed, while the central medallion rather looks like a portrait. Over both of these mantelpieces are large plaster medallions, and there is a small Adam-like frieze and cornice. The medallions are very typical of the period, the subjects being two damsels contemplating a sleeping Cupid and a girl making an offering at an altar.

Looking across the level lawn a fine wrought-iron garden gate is seen, part of a grille in a high brick wall with piers. Possibly this gate is not in its original position, as the garden was extended at a later period by the diversion of a road, a change which has had the effect of greatly improving the shape of the property on this side.

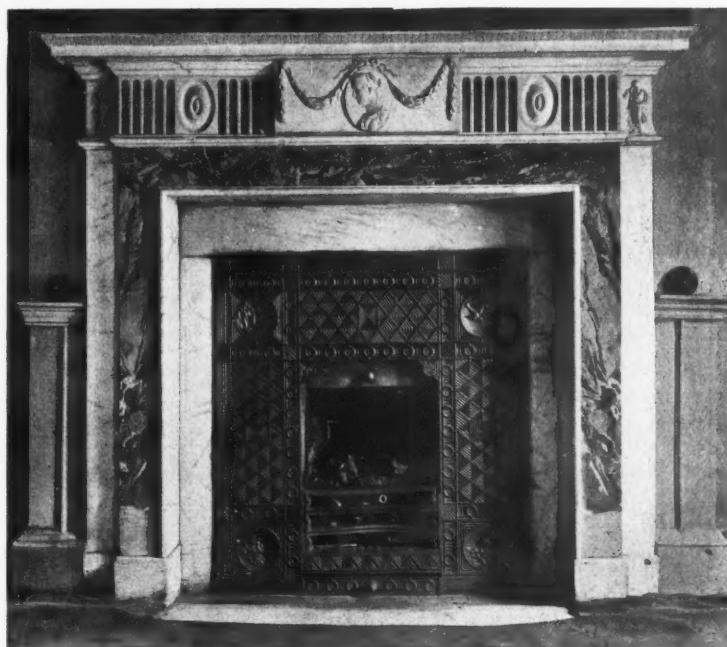
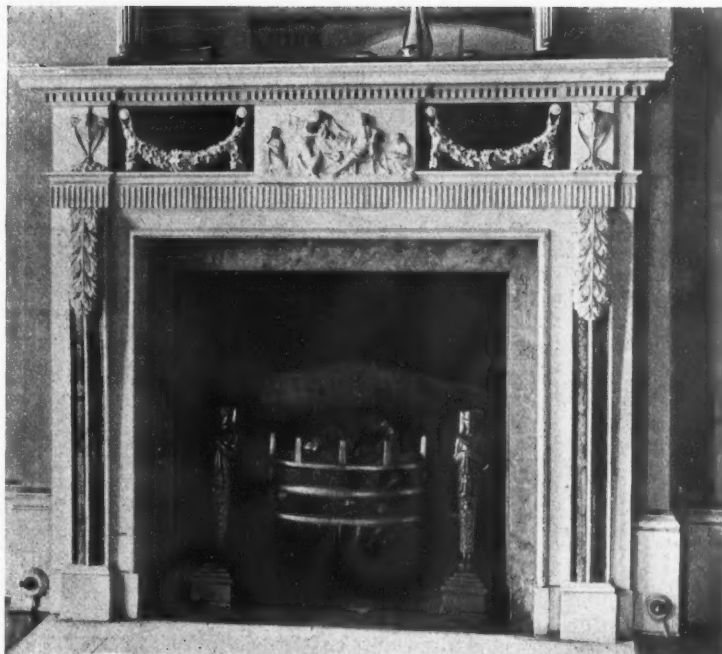
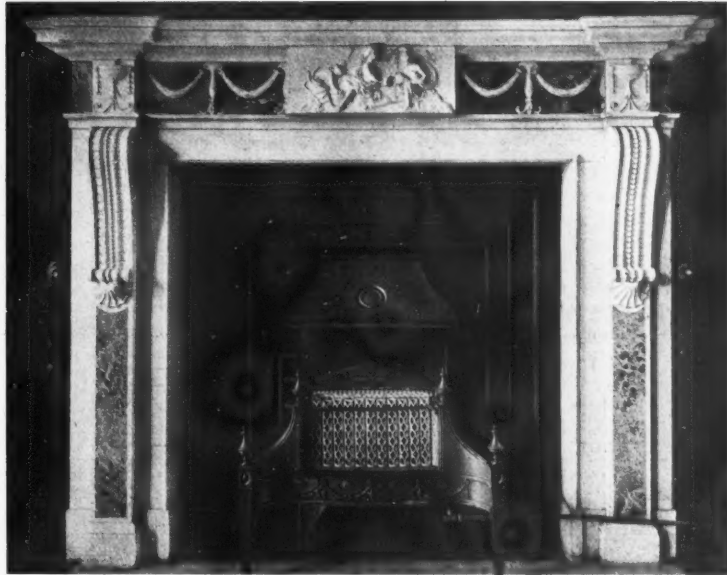
From some particulars obtained as to the former occupants of the house it appears that in 1755 Lord Robert Manners, eldest son and heir of Lucy Duchess of Rutland, was in

possession, and that the Duchess of Montrose took it on April 30th, 1770. Robert Thorley, John Jackson and Frederick Gilder Julius of Richmond, a surgeon, were subsequent occupiers, and it was from the last of these that the grandfather of the present owner, Lionel Warde, purchased the property in 1850.

Horace Walpole has a reference to the Montroses in August, 1782. He is writing in his liveliest style for the amusement of his correspondent, the Countess of Upper Ossory: "I should have written, Madam, had I had anything to tell you, but what can I send from hence but a repetition of the sameness of every summer? I pass most of my evenings at the hospital of the poor Montroses: Cliefden (Mrs. Clive at Little Strawberry Hill) is little less than an infirmary. I have dined again with the Princess Amelie, and twice with the Hertfords at Ditton, and see a great deal of my family who are cantoned around me like those of the patriarchs, when tribes began to increase and remove to small distances. My brother (Sir Edward Walpole) is at Isleworth, Lady Dysart at Ham, the Keppels at the Stud, the Waldegraves at the Pavilions, Lady Malpas at the Palace (Hampton Court); but I am not the better stocked with materials for letters, nor though the neighbourhood is enriched by some inventions, as Lady Cecilia Johnston's at Petersham, and Lady Bridget Tollemache's on Ham Common, is my Gazette at all flourishing, since we have ceased to be on the high road of intelligence." As a key to this it will be remembered that the most lavishly magnificent period of George III's long reign had just closed. Lord North, whose power had lasted from 1770 to 1782, is now described by Walpole as a sun that has set; he has left Bushy, and the principal event in the locality had been the death and will of Robert Child of Osterley, the magnificent patron of Robert Adam. The war which had eaten up the fat years was now drawing to its disastrous close, and on August 16th Walpole writes: "Peace is the sole event of which I wish to hear." In October of the same year Petersham was feeling the after-effects of the distress, as he writes to Earl Harcourt: "Lady Cecilia I have not seen for an age, the highwaymen have cut off all communications between the nearest villages. It is as disastrous to go to Petersham as into Gibraltar. I comfort myself with the Gothicity of the times. Is it not delightful not to dare stir out of one's castle but armed for battle." It may now seem a far cry from the quiet Georgian aspect of Petersham to the sham feudalism of Strawberry Hill, but it is precisely this undercurrent that makes the last half of the eighteenth century so interesting. Petersham Church stands so close as to have the appearance of being in the grounds of Petersham House.

Quaint outside with its low brick tower and cupola bell turret, it is still more characteristic within. The high compartment pews and the galleries remain, as well as the pulpit, and the enclosure for the reader that balances it. The chancel recess, on the long side of the oblong interior, is all original, excepting the rather trivial wood screen, erected for some harvest festival and, unfortunately, retained ever since. Within the line of the enclosing arch of this chancel recess appear the Royal Arms, very boldly carved and decorated. On the side wall of the chancel is a fine tomb of 1624 with the figures of George Coles and his wife. It has all the lavishness of decoration and material, characteristic of its transitional epoch.

The nineteenth century is, of course, responsible for the unhappy chancel rail that cuts across the lines of the tomb, which has also an unnatural and sunken appearance, owing to a modern dais-step that has been



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FIREPLACES AT PETERSHAM HOUSE. "COUNTRY LIFE."

introduced. The equally unfortunate font replaces the customary elegant, vase-like, marble original, of which the ogee canopy top in wood is still in the church. It would be a pious act to recover the font, which is said to have been moved to an adjacent church.

Petersham Church has the immense advantage of having retained its original clear glazing, through which is the grateful sight of trees and sky, an effect so constantly sacrificed for the doubtful benefit of bad stained glass.

Ormeley Lodge, the home of Lord and Lady Sudeley, is a little further away on Ham Common. Horace Walpole has something to say about Ham Common. Thus in June, 1789, he writes to Miss Mary Berry: "Philip who has been prowling about by my order, has found a clever house, but it is on Ham Common, and that is too far off; and I think Papa Berry does not like that side of the water—and he is in the right. Philip shall hunt again and again until he puts up better game."

In the same month, two years later, he records how Mrs. Hobart, resident in a villa called Sans-Souci, attempted a rural breakfast: "Nothing being so pastoral as a fat grandmother in a row of houses on Ham Common. It rained early in the morning: she despatched post boys, for want of Cupids



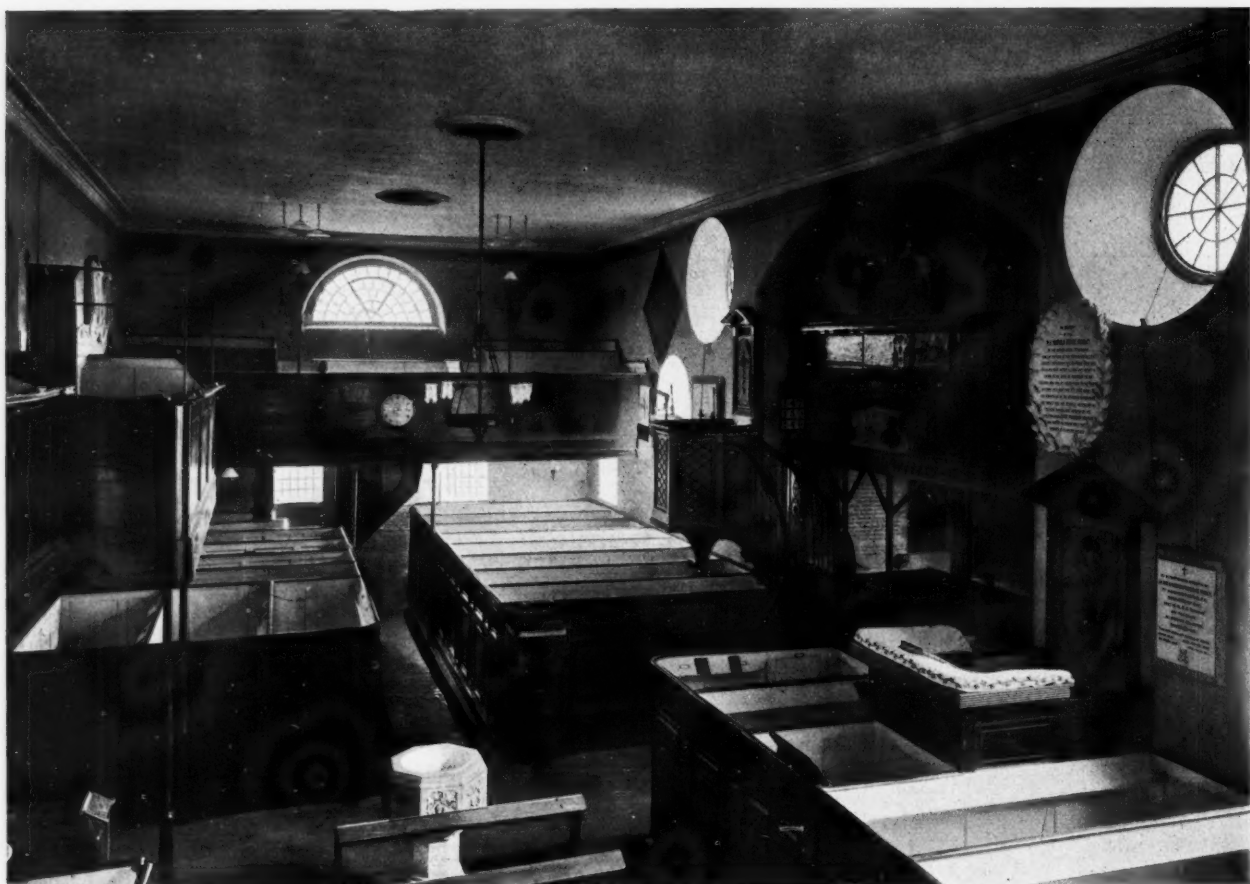
THE COLE MONUMENT, 1624.

and Zephyrs, to stop the nymphs and shepherds who tend their flocks in Pall Mall and St. James Street; but half of them missed the couriers, and arrived."

A fine grille with a remarkable gate, and elaborate overthrow in wrought iron, extends along the front of the house towards the common, between brick piers crowned with terminal vases.

The garden forecourt within leads to the effective doorway by a flight of steps; these are protected by some very good wrought iron balusters shaped to follow their curved outline. The doorway itself, of characteristic woodwork, is graceful in its architectural lines and finely wrought in its carved overdoor. It is unfortunate that the original fanlight and the actual door have been replaced. On entering, the hall is found to contain a good specimen of the elaborated staircases of the period. The ends of the steps and the balusters, attract attention. There is a picture of Ormeley Lodge painted in 1813 by Quentin for Sir John Sinclair, M.P.,

who owned it from 1812-25. In the foreground appear two tall girls and a smaller child. These are Diana Margaret Sinclair, Lady Diana Boyle and their niece, a happy party, for it was for them that "Holiday House" was written by Catherine Sinclair, the sister



of Diana. Great is the satisfaction to the youthful mind to know that it was all real, that Mrs. Crabtree really did so effectually blanket "The impromptu party," and that the great cake did actually roll down the hill.

The more serious-minded child will be doubly affected by the incident of the one darkened house, amid the general illuminations of Victory, whose windows were saved through the gallantry of the officer member of the party, who climbed the lamp-post and dissipated the thoughtless rage of the crowd, bent on breaking them with a volley of stones. Although "Holiday House" is mainly concerned with Edinburgh, it will be remembered that the model youth, Frank,

IN THE GARDEN

THE CULTIVATION OF BELLADONNA ON WASTE LAND AT DORKING.

THERE is a chemist, Mr. Beetham Wilson by name, in the quaint old town of Dorking in Surrey, who devotes the spare moments of his busy life to the cultivation of Belladonna. He is growing it by the acre, not as one large field, but as several little plantations, and situated on the slopes of Ranmore, less than a mile from that noted landmark, Dorking Church. Each little plantation is situated in a disused limestone pit or in some other equally outlandish spot on the hillside. The soil is very shallow and the limestone rock comes to the surface. Attempts to grow Potatoes and Cabbages failed hopelessly on this poor waste land; even Artichokes failed to produce a crop, but Belladonna flourishes, producing thick stems and a wealth of green leafage waist deep and more. Not that there is much foliage to be seen at the moment, for practically the whole crop has been cut down to within a few inches of the soil and only the stubble of Belladonna remains. The plants are put down in rows 1yd. apart each way, and holes or stations are now being made ready for planting. In the second year the crop is cut while flowering in July, and is taken to the factory in which the extract is made. The best yield is obtained in the third and fourth years, after which the plants are pulled up, and the roots, which are far more valuable than the leaves, are washed, sliced and dried for use. Belladonna, or *Atropa Belladonna*, to give it its full botanical name, has many uses; indeed, there is no plant in Great Britain which is more in request for medicinal purposes at the present time. The powerful alkaloid atropine is used as "eye-drops" for dilating the pupils; it is a sedative and narcotic, and is much in demand for tincture, liniment and plaster.

Belladonna is the true Deadly Nightshade, and it is occasionally found growing wild as a stout herbaceous plant bearing dingy purple, bell-shaped flowers, followed by black, shining fruits of attractive appearance. It is very partial to chalky or limestone soils and is not uncommon as a wild plant in the Dorking district, and even in cottage gardens, where it seems to do best in partial shade.

Mr. Beetham Wilson, having studied the Belladonna closely for the last few years, holds some interesting views on the seed distribution of this plant. He is of the opinion that the fruits are eaten by birds, and that the seeds retain their vitality after passing through the birds. This, said Mr. Wilson, accounts for the presence of a solitary plant of Belladonna which may be, and

often is, miles away from any other plant of the same species. Another interesting observation made by Mr. Wilson was that seedlings are rarely, if ever, found growing around the parent plant. From this it would appear that the Belladonna is dependent on animal agency for its distribution. The fruits, or berries as they are commonly called, ripen from August to October, and, when ripe, the seed, when under cultivation, may be washed out and dried just as Tomato seed is extracted. Belladonna is not the easiest of plants to raise from seed. For some obscure reason the seed often fails to germinate. After repeated experiments Mr. Wilson is now successful in raising seedlings on an extensive scale. The seed is sown in the open, both in autumn and spring, on raised seedbeds over turf, and the seedlings are planted out when a few inches high between the rows of older plants.



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A GARDEN GATE, PETERSHAM HOUSE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

is brought back to England to die in the neighbourhood of the Thames, at a spot vaguely indicated as Hammersmith.

The house contains some interesting furniture, particularly a Buhl cabinet given to John Duke of Argyll, and a table of the Adam period brought from Ham House, Lady Sudeley's home. There is also a notable series of water-colours of the interiors of that house, by H. B. Brewer.

Lord Sudeley, who has greatly interested himself in museums, promoted the plan of Official Guides, which has been of service to many thousands of visitors at the British and Victoria and Albert Museums. ARTHUR T. BOLTON.

It is not advisable to commence cutting until the plants are at least 18 ins. high. From the second year until the fourth or final year the plants yield two cuttings, one in July and the other in September. A sickle with a toothed edge is used for cutting, as this leaves the stalks jagged and crushed, and in consequence the herb is not so liable to lose value as a drug herb owing to the draining away of the juice, which is often the case when cut clean with a sharp knife. Belladonna should be cut only on very fine days, and the herbage must not be left lying in the sun or heaped together in large quantities. It should be dried quickly, spread out thinly on a platform of wire-netting in a loft or drying shed.

Before the war the bulk of the world's supply of Belladonna came from South Hungary, and, as everyone knows, the price has gone up by leaps and bounds within the last four years. Only a comparatively small quantity of Belladonna is cultivated in this country, and Mr. Wilson assured the writer that the prices offered by the wholesalers for the raw material, both

leaves and roots, are very little, if any, better than pre-war prices. Yet we have it on the authority of the Board of Agriculture that the root which realised 45s. per cwt. in January, 1914, was sold for 65s. in June of the same year, and on the outbreak of war it rose at once to 100s. and at the end of August fetched 150s.

Again, Belladonna leaves from abroad, sold at 45s. to 50s. per cwt. before the war, were unobtainable at the end of August, 1914, at 1s. per pound. Although the demand for Belladonna in England far exceeds the supply, Mr. Wilson is of the opinion that it hardly pays to grow for the English market while there is a good market for export purposes, especially with the United States. Wholesale buyers do not wish to be troubled with the cottager's armful of Belladonna; they say that small quantities cannot be dealt with economically. It is obvious that co-operation between the grower and the wholesale chemists is necessary if the cultivation of Belladonna for the home markets is to be a success.

HERBERT COWLEY.

THE "FOUDROYANT"

THE pages of "COUNTRY LIFE" bear frequent witness to the care which is lavished upon the monuments and relics of the historic past. Old castles, churches, houses, bridges, weapons and furniture are treasured and preserved; and if any are threatened with neglect or destruction, an appeal for preservation is sure of a ready response. Indeed, in many cases they suffer from too lavish expenditure, the result of enthusiasm lacking in knowledge and discernment. There is only one kind of ancient structure that suffers from universal indifference and neglect and that, curiously enough, is the very last which one would expect to be so treated. The old ships of war of the greatest maritime nation of the world not only appeal on the same grounds as other historic monuments and in a far greater degree, but they have special claims of their own which cannot be urged on behalf of any other relics. Their extraordinary beauty, their marvellous construction, their illustration of methods which have completely passed away, their intimate association with the greatest of the national heroes; all these they possess in common with other structures, but in a far fuller measure. The great soldier's home is in one place, the weapons with which he fought may be in another, while the scene of his greatest exploit may be in a third. In the case of the great sailor all are concentrated in his ship. In the *Victory* we preserve at once the home, the weapon and the battlefield of Nelson. We can stand in the Admiral's cabin in which he lived; we can walk through the spacious batteries whose thunder he directed; we can see the spot on the quarter-deck where he fell and touch the massive timbers of the cockpit where his heroic spirit fled. But beyond all this a ship has one claim to affection and veneration which is not only greater but is entirely distinct from that which any other relic can urge. She is not only a thing, but a personality endowed with living attributes. While Nelson was the dominating and directing spirit of the British Fleet at Trafalgar, it was the *Victory* that led the weather column, a figure of incomparable grace and grandeur. It was not Harvey, but the *Téméraire* that bore with her the brunt of the onset. It was the *Royal Sovereign* that steered alone into the thickest of the foe, and the *Ballisde* that lay a glorious hulk, crippled but unconquered, cheered by the passing *Swiftsure*.

It would seem that their very numbers and the invariably high level of their achievements have contributed to this indifference to their fate. It has been impossible to think of the British Navy as less than perfectly adequate to meet every call that can be made upon it. The very meaning of security is freedom from care and the security of Britain has been so complete that it has bred carelessness of the means by which it has been attained.

Thus it has come about that the mighty ships which in "Eighteen hundred and war-time" stood between Napoleon and the dominion of the world have passed to dishonoured ends, forgotten by the nation they defended. Only the *Victory* has been spared, and she has been disfigured beyond recognition. Thirty years ago our harbours held more than a few of these famous relics. At Portsmouth were, besides the *Victory*, the *Tremendous*, the last of Lord Howe's fleet on the Glorious First of June; the *Belvidera*, which fired the first shot in the American War of 1812; and the *Camperdown* which, though she had no history, was structurally the finest of all. Plymouth, still richer, possessed the *Canopus*, the finest of the Nile prizes, and, later, Nelson's "right hand," the *Foudroyant*, his "darling child," to whom struck the last two line-of-battle ships of the French Nile Fleet; the *Implacable*, the last of the Trafalgar prizes, and the *Impregnable*, which at the bombardment of Algeria was said to have fired more ammunition than had ever been expended by a single ship.

It would be some excuse for the universal deafness to the appeal of these ships on sentimental grounds if there were no practical use to which they could be put, but it is here that their claim is strongest. It needs, perhaps, an enthusiast to find them the most romantic and picturesque homes in the world; but there is one capacity in which their adaptability to modern needs

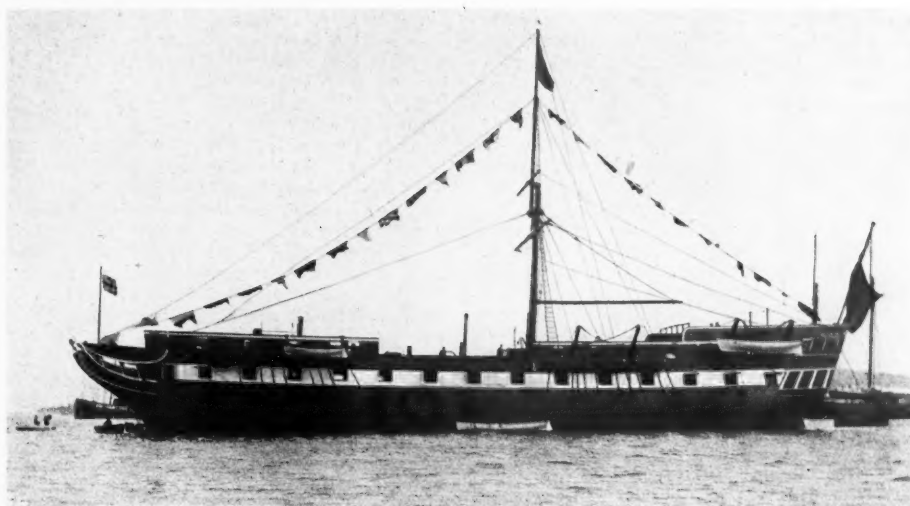
hardly admits of question. There is no home for British boys at all comparable to our historic ship of war, and the experience of twenty-two years must be held to be a fairly trustworthy guide.

The story of the *Foudroyant* goes back to the middle of the eighteenth century. It was in 1758 that the name first came into the British Navy. In that year the *Foudroyant*, a great 80-gun two-decker, was captured by the *Monmouth*, a small 64, after a most gallant fight, and was added to the Navy under her French name. As a British ship she had a distinguished career, which was closed about thirty years later. The name was perpetuated in a new ship of the same type, laid down at Plymouth in 1789 and launched in 1798. "The finest ship that ever swam on salt water," was Lord St. Vincent's description of her. While on the stocks she was selected by Nelson as his flagship, but she was not completed in time to carry his flag at the Nile, and it was not till June of the following year that she followed him to the Mediterranean, and he moved into her from the war-worn *Vanguard*. She remained his flagship for just over a year, and of none of the ships in which he served does he speak with such affection as of "the dear *Foudroyant*."

In 1892 she was sold out of the service and ultimately found her way to a German shipbreaker's yard in the Baltic. I had made repeated but vain efforts to save her from this fate, and eventually she was purchased by my father, brought back to the Thames and, after many vicissitudes, was by June, 1896, restored to something of her original condition. I then took her round the coast on exhibition in the hope that by this means sufficient income would be obtained to maintain her. In this, however, I was disappointed, the expenses were ten times the receipts and I had determined that at the close of the summer of 1897 I would lay her up in Milford Haven and endeavour to maintain her at my own expense. Before that time came, however, she was wrecked at Blackpool in a sudden and violent summer gale, and all the labour and money which had been spent on her were lost. Only one of the objects which she had served survived. I had about twenty boys aboard her, all of whom were safely landed, and I determined not to part with them. The old *Tremendous* had just been sold to be broken up, and I hoped to find her suitable for my purpose. She would, however, have required a larger expenditure than I could afford, and I had to content myself with a small and admirably sound frigate, the *Trincomalee*, lying near her and destined to the same fate. The *Trincomalee* is the *Foudroyant* of to-day. She is one of a very large class of 38-gun frigates, copied from the French frigate *Hébé*, captured on September 4th, 1782.

She is built of teak and is copper-fastened to the water-line and iron above. Her dimensions are: Length on lower deck, 150ft.; breadth, 40ft.; draught of water, about 20ft.; tonnage, old measurement, 1,066, with a displacement, fully equipped, of 1,447 tons; crew, 303; armament on main deck, twenty-eight 18-pounders, and on the upper deck ten 9-pounders and eight 32-pounder carronades. Carronades were not counted in the rated force till some years after her launch.

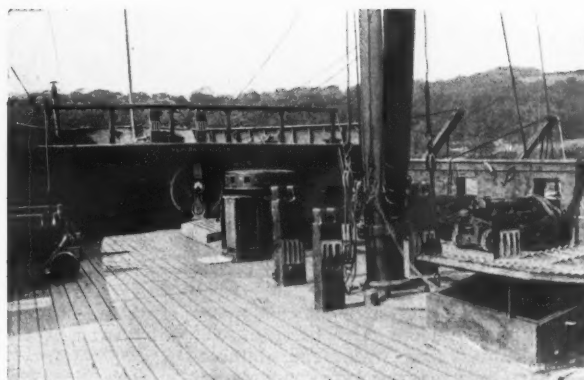
In 1842 she underwent extensive alterations at Portsmouth. In 1849 she served on the West India Station and was commanded by Captain R. L. Warren. On June 24th, 1852, she was commissioned at Plymouth by Captain Wallace Houston and served a five years' commission on the Pacific Station, which covered the period of the Crimean War. She was paid off at Chatham on September 15th, 1857. In 1860 she was relegated to harbour service and served as R.N.R. drill ship, first at North Shields and afterwards at Southampton. When she came into my hands she was sadly disfigured, with unequally spaced main deck ports and a large roofed-in deck-house forward. I began work on her at Cowes in May, 1898, and it was not till 1902 that she came out of harbour in her present guise. The principal guide in the work of repair was the sheer draught at the Admiralty, of which I was allowed to obtain a copy. The ship is now restored to her original condition as a 38-gun frigate, but the bow



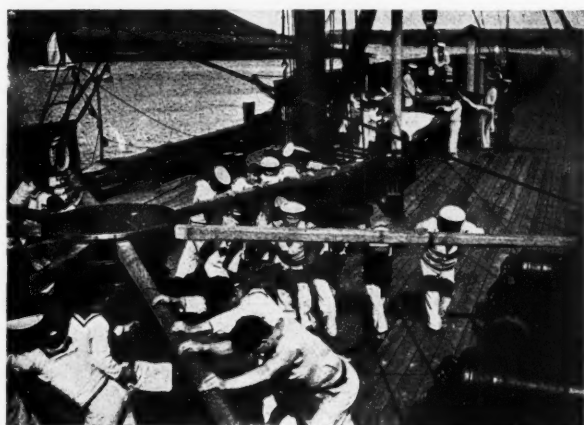
THE "FOUDROYANT."



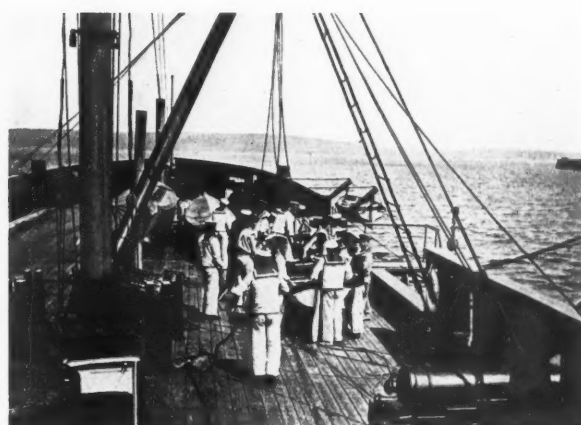
MAIN DECK, PORT SIDE, LOOKING AFT.



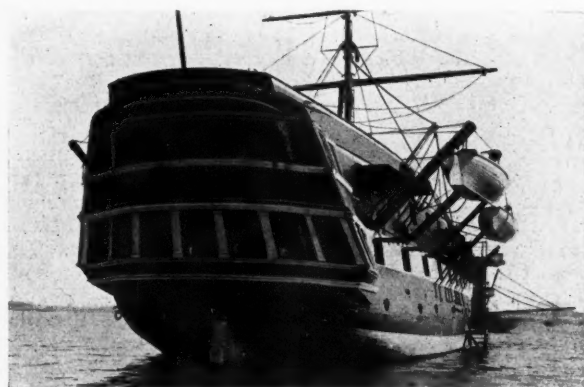
QUARTER DECK, LOOKING AFT.



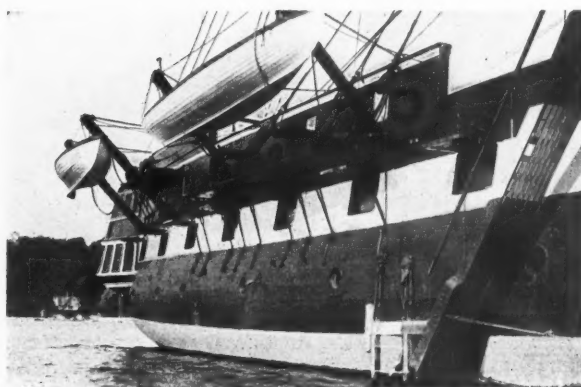
GETTING LAUNCH ON BOARD WITH CAPSTAN.



UPPER DECK FROM POOP.



STERN.



STARBOARD SIDE, LOOKING AFT.

and stern remain as altered in 1842. To pull them down and rebuild them would have destroyed much good work and would have cost more than I could afford. The original contour has to some extent been restored by the addition of a poop, which gives useful accommodation.

In September, 1903, the ship was towed to Falmouth and there docked. In the following year I took her to Milford Haven where the guns and other gear salvaged from the old *Foudroyant* were got on board. In 1905 she returned to Falmouth and has since remained a picturesque feature in that glorious harbour.

She is now not rigged and carries only one small mast. Her original spars were very heavy, and it would be impossible to replace them with her present draught, which is 17ft. aft and 14ft. forward, or about 4ft. short of the proper mean. This is all that is available in her present berth, where she sometimes touches ground. Although the original lines of the head and stern are wanting, an attempt has been made to reproduce their general effect by the old expedient of giving the white streak along the gunports a slightly greater sheer than that of the decks. The present stern windows are about 1ft. lower, and the main deck ports 6ins. higher than the original ones, and the stern, as already mentioned, is thereby lowered, but the effect is corrected by the carrying up the pilasters between the windows and the moulding they support 1ft. above the windows as well as by the addition of the poop. A further picturesque addition is the replacement of the drop ports or lids of the gun-ports and the red paint on their edges and those of the ports. The figurehead, an Indian Rajah, was common to most of the Indian-built ships. The lines of the old head were impossible to reproduce owing to the greater height of the present one, but the curve of the upper rail downwards from the figurehead and upwards to the catheads follows the original. In the sheer draught the catheads are shown further forward than the present ones. The gilt lion's faces on their ends show the origin of their name.

The gangway ladder on the starboard side gives access to the upper deck. The inside of the upper works is painted red in the old fashion which, however, was probably abandoned a few years before this ship was launched. The break in the bulwarks at the waist marks the old division between quarter-deck and fore-castle. In the original design the upper deck had a large gap here, only spanned by beams and narrow gangways at the sides and the main deck, the true upper deck, was open to the sky. It was a most picturesque but most uncomfortable arrangement, as was proved in the old *Foudroyant*, where it was restored and made the main deck almost uninhabitable.

On the quarter-deck are mounted four of the 12-pounder guns which occupied the same position in the earlier ship. All the other guns are stowed in the hold, as they are too heavy for a frigate. It is hoped that some day they may be mounted in the *Implacable*.

Passing aft along the quarterdeck the poop is entered. The old division into three cabins has not been followed, as greater space was needed. It was formerly used as a sitting-room, as shown in the illustration, but is now cleared out and serves as a schoolroom. Here also in the evenings there are dancing lessons, at which the hornpipes are learned and at which *Foudroyant* boys are adept. This cabin opens on to the stern-walk, which is not the narrow balcony of the later ships of the wooden era which only disappeared in the Dreadnoughts, but a deep recess or chamber closed in on three sides and only open on the fourth. It is not a perfect reproduction, as it has no projection beyond the stern frames, thus being impossible with an elliptical stern, but the difference is only noticeable from the

water. A companion ladder from a hatchway on the quarterdeck leads down to the main deck. This is open from end to end save for the captain's cabins aft. These were originally three, an after cabin occupying the whole width of the stern and lit by five windows, and a fore cabin with a sleeping cabin bulk-headed off from it on the starboard side. The latter has been thrown into the main cabin, which now, like the after one, extends from side to side. Two other sleeping cabins have later been built outside, and these have been retained. The deck has fifteen gunports on each side, including three in the cabins. Each, except the two foremost ones, had an 18-pounder gun, the eye and ringbolts for which are still in their places. There is no temptation to replace the guns, even if they could be obtained, as they would interfere with the work and play of the boys. On the half-deck, or part abaft the mainmast, is the capstan formerly used for lifting the anchors. Its function is now fulfilled by a steam winch forward, but another capstan on the same spindle on the quarterdeck is in frequent use.

The main deck was used solely for fighting and working the ship. The crew's accommodation is on the lower deck beneath. This deck is very low, only 5ft. 6ins. under the beams. Originally it, like the main deck, had only cabins at the fore end. Here is the gunroom, corresponding to the wardroom of a larger ship, with cabins for the lieutenants on each side. The gunroom is used as a boys' schoolroom and library, and is lit by a skylight on the main deck immediately under another on the quarterdeck. Originally there were no openings through the ship's side on the lower deck, but early in her life small scuttles were cut filled with bucket lights. In the harbour service days square ports were cut to light the cabins. These have been reduced to smaller round scuttles, which are less noticeable and give adequate light. Along each side of the lower deck is a row of cabins, and at the forward end of each row is a messroom used by senior members of the crew who for the last four years have been away serving on sea and land. Right forward in the bow is a large open space where the boys mess and sling their hammocks. Here and in the tiller room at the extreme after end the immensely solid construction can be studied, the great teak beams with vast knees or brackets supporting and strengthening their junction with the frame timbers. On this deck amidships is the cook's galley, which in the commissioned days was on the main deck.

Below the lower deck from forward come the cable lockers and carpenter's storerooms, the magazine (now a boiler room), the main hold (where are stowed the old *Foudroyant's* guns) with sail flat over it, the water tanks, storerooms and, right aft, the bread room, now a clothes store, with spirit room below.

Every part of such a ship from truck to keel has a volume of romantic history connected with it, much of which will inevitably be lost with the disappearance of the beautiful and majestic structures that illustrate and explain it.

Happily, we know from the experience of four tremendous years that the spirit which animated them burns more brightly than ever, and that their deeds have not only been equalled, but surpassed by their successors. Are they, then, no longer needed? Is their message so well learned that we can let them all disappear? The *Foudroyant* is a very little thing, and there are less than 100 of her old boys whose subsequent careers are known to me; but all have lived with credit, and some have died with honour. There might have been many more of them if the most could have been made of the *Foudroyant* and the other and finer ships in whose fate I have tried in vain to arouse some interest.

G. WHEATLY COBB.

LITERATURE

A BOOK OF THE WEEK

Literary Recreations, by Sir Edward Cook. (Macmillan.)

EVEN as the actor when off for an hour loves to go to another theatre, so Sir Edward Cook, who lives by his pen, finds in it the amusement of his leisure hours. With his harness on Sir Edward is mainly a political writer with a serious—perhaps too serious—turn of mind. Not given to wild enthusiasms, passions or fevers, he would have been a Roundhead in Cromwell's time, a bit of a Puritan at any period, and serious in all his undertakings. In relief he displays a dry and cynical wit, not untouched with melancholy but without much sense of fun. Above all, he is an editor to the bone with a keen eye for copy, a critical sense and a full assurance that there is nothing like leather, his particular leather being the art and craft of writing for the papers. And he is at his fullest glory in discussing such curious little themes as the Art of Indexing, Modern Journalism, Words and the War and so forth. There he succeeds better than in his handling of greater subjects, such as "The Art of Biography" to which is allotted the first place in the book. Number two is a discourse on Ruskin's style. On

coming to it I turned back instinctively to a phrase that nearly strangled my wish to know what he thinks of the art of biography. It is a passage of about thirty words in length "From time to time, indeed, voices are raised to describe the difficulties which confront a biographer and to enumerate the qualifications required in a successful practitioner of the art."

Here is no gross error that a Macaulay might have crowed over, no stress or strain such as would have called forth a satiric phrase from Matthew Arnold, yet for sure no man's instinct for prose style can be infallible if he can pen a phrase like "the qualifications required in a successful practitioner of the art." Such language is expected only from the rich and noble who condescend to write in the papers they own. The one merit it possesses is that of preparing the mind to receive such original remarks as that "In the case of Ruskin's writing the child was father of the man"! Those of us who believe Ruskin's prose has served its day and is becoming, or has already become, obsolete will prefer to pass on to the topics discussed with competence by Sir Edward Cook.

The story of the *Cornhill Magazine*, "Fifty Years of a Literary Review," is well told. An excellent defence is made

against the charge of Anthony Trollope that Thackeray was unmethodical.

"A second count in Trollope's indictment is that Thackeray was unmethodical; never took to his desk, I suppose, at the same hour each day, to turn out a regulation number of words by the clock; did not, it is more specifically alleged, answer letters promptly and decide the fate of contributions instantaneously; dilly-dallied with troublesome affairs; even lost a manuscript now and then."

Thackeray was neither a pachyderm nor a business man, but he turned out to be by far the most successful of the editors of *Cornhill*. After he left we always imagined that Frederick Greenwood occupied the chair, but Sir E. Cook, says Dutton Cook and George Smith acted as his colleagues. Of the reign of Leslie Stephen and James Payn it must be said that, admirable as were both these writers, they let the magazine down in public esteem. It was never to be again so brilliant and good as it was in the time of Thackeray.

Sir Edward Cook is at his happiest in a paper called "The Art of Indexing," and even more interesting is the essay on "Words and the War." It was impossible for the latter to be exhaustive as the soldiers go on adding to their vocabulary as occasion serves. One of the latest of these words is "winkled," which is not mentioned in the book. Probably the pages went to press before its invention, as it came into being to describe how machine gun nests were dealt with in what we hope will be the last long battle of the war.

It would be interesting to recall the many words that came into existence during the war in South Africa, and indicate which of them had died a natural death and which continued to be a part of the language. The additions are not very good. "Commandeer," for instance, is the sort of verb one does not like to use and, perhaps, it is fortunate that a great deal of the South African slang has passed out of existence. A curious little problem arising out of the war is due to a suggestion of General Smuts, who says we emerge from the war "not a State, but a community of states and nations," and he does not think the word "Empire" sufficient. "The British Commonwealth of Nations" does not strike us as being a very happy alternative. A pleasant essay is that under the title of "A Study in Superlatives." Sir Edward looks with a very tolerant eye on discussions about the best books, or the greatest writers. His excuse for them is that though futile they are pleasant, and he refers with approbation to the late Lord Carlisle's efforts in this direction and the class

lists drawn up at the Albany with Macaulay as leader. He also recalls the effort of a magazine Editor to ascertain the preference of a variety of notable men in regard to what they considered the best passages in prose and verse. But the result, as far as we remember, was not at all satisfactory. On the same line of thought is the discourse on revision which appears under the title of "Second Thoughts of Poets." Tennyson held that the public have really nothing to do with the first draft or version of a poem, but should content themselves with that text which the poet finally considered to be his best. Sir Edward Cook seems to have taken a great delight in tracing the evolution of a poem from the first rough rendering of the inspiration to the final and finished form. One of the best examples is from Coleridge because in it we see the poet filling out and making clearer the connections of this thought. Sir Edward takes the verse

I saw something in the sky,
No bigger than my fist,
At first it seem'd a little speck,
And then it seem'd a mist—

which he properly characterises as not only abrupt, but in regard to the second line a little common. He might have said very common indeed. But Coleridge thought it over and expanded it into this:

There passed a weary time. Each throat
Was parch'd, and glazed each eye.
A weary time, a weary time!
How glazed each weary eye!

When looking westward, I beheld
A something in the sky.
At first it seem'd a little speck. . . .

All this is part of a harmless recreation, but it much resembles an intellectual picking up of crumbs from the rich man's table.

P

THE armed forces of the Crown, since they are compounded not only of "soldier, sailor, tinker, tailor, apothecary, plough-boy, thief," but include imaginative writers and artists of fine perception in every medium, are not likely to have many of their exploits left unrecorded. There is, however, what may be termed the peaceful side of war, and the chance that has deposited a soldier and an artist in such a city as Cairo with some small leisure bears fruit of another sort. Major Maxwell Ayrton, R.A.F., will be remembered by some of our readers for the drawings of Egypt which he contributed to our summer number of 1916. On this page we reproduce one of twelve drawings in chalk which are being published in portfolio; the drawings are



CAIRO: THE CITADEL.

all of Cairo and its neighbourhood. Chalk is not at all an easy medium with which to depict the effects of strong lighting and the dazzling brilliance of white walls in sunshine. That Major Ayrton has contrived to secure these effects in his drawings is enough to show him to be master of his medium, while the composition, though it makes departure here and there from accepted standards, is satisfying and good.

Altogether we make no doubt that very many men to whom the war has offered Cairo as a sojourning place will be glad to possess themselves of these drawings.

Rotorua Rex. by J. Allen Dunn. (Skeffington, 6s.)

THERE is a sort of story which every reviewer instinctively describes as a yarn. Such is *Rotorua Rex*, which introduces us to a fine young American and a gang of rascally sharpers. The intention of the sharpers is to rob the British Representative in Rotorua's kingdom, an island in the South Seas.

Unfortunately the Representative has recently died; his sister, a wonderfully stern and rigid lady, and his daughter, are the guardians of the treasure. The sharpers succeed in fomenting a rebellion against Rotorua, but this the American, Vance Loudon, discovers in time to escape from the cabin on board the *Manawa*, in which he has been imprisoned and, by making a forced march across the island, join the King's party even as the rebels make their onslaught. Luck, however, is otherwise against his side, and after holding out some time in the mountains, sliding down waterfalls and other exciting doings, they have, a sadly diminished party, to take to the sea in what boats they can obtain. The British Navy finally solves all difficulties and restores Rotorua to his throne and through all the fighting and fleeing the American comports himself gallantly. He does not marry the Representative's daughter. Rotorua, who is very fat and alternately ferocious and facetious, is quite an attractive savage in his better moments; and, in spite of some slight improbabilities, *Rotorua Rex* is a breezy story of adventure; in fact, a capital yarn.

LAND AND THE ESTATE MARKET

DISCOURAGEMENT OF SPECULATIVE PURCHASES.

A SIGNIFICANT announcement was made in connection with the sale, recently recorded in these columns, of a large area of land in Lincolnshire, on behalf of a well known charity, that the whole of the farms had been sold to the tenants "and not for speculative purposes." Mr. Joseph Stower, who conducted the transaction with the sanction of the Charity Commissioners, thus gave expression to a principle which is very generally acted upon by the agents entrusted with the disposal of landed estates.

During the period 1910-15 the number of sales to syndicates and individuals, for cutting-up and speculative re-sale, showed a very unwelcome tendency to increase, but of late, and particularly in the present year, it has fallen considerably. At the first glance it may seem to be to a vendor a matter of indifference who buys his land so long as he gets a good price for it, especially if he is selling the whole estate; but it is a matter of vital importance to the tenant farmer that he should have the first option of securing his holding at a fair market value. If he is debarred from doing so because of the sale of the estate as an entirety to a speculator who afterwards makes him pay through the nose, the farmer and his friends become permanently embittered, and the agitator is provided with a text for attacks on the land system in general.

Comparison of the prices paid for entire estates by speculative buyers and the results they have obtained by retailing the separate portions point to the conclusion that many an owner might have got more than he did for his property by selling it in lots, while the tenants and other buyers would have been spared the necessity of paying the speculator's expenses and profits. In addition the landowner would have avoided anything which savoured of injustice. The tenancy of a farm is not like that of a house, and though it is bad enough for a householder to be dispossessed, particularly an involuntary removal, it is ten times worse for a farmer to have to quit a holding against his will. So keen is the competition for farms that he cannot probably find another easily, if at all, in his own district, where his knowledge and experience of the conditions go far to ensure his success.

Seeing that it is a common practice to serve notices on the tenants if an estate is coming into the market, in order that the advantage of early possession may be offered to intending buyers, the case of the tenant who cannot or will not buy is all the harder. To mitigate the hardship of such circumstances it has often been suggested that the tenant should be empowered to demand an extended notice to quit in the event of a proposed sale. But the matter must be considered from all sides, and there are potent arguments against giving such a privilege to tenants. Moreover, acute as the grievance of surrendering a farm may be in individual instances, it is doubtful whether it is so widespread as to justify any step that would tend to complicate the realisation of landed properties. It may be remembered that the Departmental Committee which investigated the position of tenant farmers on the occasion of any change in the ownership of their holdings was by no means unanimously in favour of conferring on tenants a right to extended notice. However, both from the landlord's and the tenant's standpoint, it is desirable that when landed property is for sale the earliest possible intimation should be made of the fact. Prospective purchasers may need time for making financial and other arrangements. Not less important, if the best results are to

be attained by the sale, is the securing of the fullest degree of publicity.

Too often, where property is entrusted to local agents for sale, they seem to proceed on the assumption that it is of local interest only, and they ignore the possibilities of attracting people from a distance. The speculator makes no such mistake, and if, as a fact, he frequently wrings an exorbitant price from a tenant, he takes care that the offering of the property is known far and wide. This hint to vendors may be supported by a reminder that the publicity formerly derived from the submission of properties at Tokenhouse Yard is not now generally enjoyed, as so many are offered locally. In consequence it often happens that some perfectly legitimate investors may remain in ignorance of properties for which they would like to compete.

The Hollybush estate, Stafford, 650 acres, belonging to Mrs. Hignett, was offered by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley. The mansion and park were withdrawn, but five farms realised £16,525. Recent sales by the same firm include Ashwellthorpe, Norfolk, 1,127 acres; Crostwight Hall, 634 acres, in conjunction with Messrs. Irelands; and Thursford Hall, 1,490 acres, in conjunction with Mr. George S. Andrews. Privately, Saxham Hall, 2,500 acres, and Sudbourne Hall, 4,500 acres, in Suffolk, have been sold. In Devon, Lord Alington's Down St. Mary and Tawstock estates, 2,630 acres, and Farringdon House estate, have changed hands. With Messrs. Ellen and Son they have sold Enham Place, Andover, 1,000 acres; and, in Sussex, 920 acres of the Burningsfold estate, and outlying parts of Hammerwood, 843 acres, have been dealt with jointly with Messrs. Wood, Son and Gardner. Large areas in the Midlands, North and Central Wales and elsewhere have also been sold.

The Derbyshire cottage at Roston Common, the scene of George Eliot's "Adam Bede," has been sold for £535. The sum of £83 15s. an acre has been paid for a 300-acre farm near Spalding this week. Some 475 acres of the Torry Hill estate have changed hands at Sittingbourne for £12,622, through Mr. Alfred J. Burrows, whose sales of land in and around Romney Marsh have recently reached a very high figure. Nearly 1,140 acres near Ashford have found buyers under the hammer of Messrs. Langridge and Freeman for a total of £26,750. The price paid for 1,070 acres at Rempstone, Notts, was £41,215. The sale was effected by Messrs. Escritt and Barrett, who have also disposed of 1,437 acres, near Newark, for £50,380.

The Hon. Francis Bowes-Lyon has instructed Messrs. Edwin Fear and Walker to sell the New Forest estate, Northerwood Park, Lyndhurst, locally, on Thursday next. It extends to 84 acres, and includes several residential sites. On the same day at Tamworth 282 acres of the Peel settled estates are to be offered by Messrs. Humbert and Flint. The sale of 8,400 acres near Salisbury, already mentioned in these columns, will take place in that city next Wednesday and Thursday, Messrs. J. Carter Jonas and Sons acting jointly with Messrs. Lofts and Warner.

The late Sir Richard Burbidge's executors have instructed Messrs. Hampton and Sons and Messrs. Marvins to dispose of Osborne Cottage, East Cowes, for many years the residence of Princess Beatrice. The sale is to be held at the Mart on November 26th.

Cobnor House and 220 acres at Chidham, with over a mile of deep water frontage to the Bosham Channel, await offers at Chichester on Monday next through Messrs. May and Rowden, who are, on November 7th, offering Cromac and 2 acres, a freehold on Walton Heath. Two houses near London, with extensive grounds, Malden Lodge, Ashted, Surrey, and Riverholme, Maidenhead Court, are coming under the hammer of Messrs. Giddy and Giddy on Wednesday next. A Woking freehold, Elmdene, is for sale, with possession, on November 5th, by Messrs. Debenham, Tewson and Chinnocks. Among the properties in Messrs. Harrods' list for Tuesday next is Wonham Manor, near Dorking, at an upset price of £5,250. The Surrey residence at Reigate Heath, known as Heathfield, with a large area of land, will be offered at the Mart on November 6th by Messrs. Trollope, on behalf of the executors of the late Lieutenant-Colonel St. Barbe Sladen.

ARBITER.

Information as to forthcoming sales, and results by auction and private treaty, should be sent as soon as possible to the offices of COUNTRY LIFE with a view to their being mentioned in this column.

CORRESPONDENCE

MAKERS' SIGNATURES ON OLD ENGLISH FURNITURE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—A debt of gratitude is due to COUNTRY LIFE for its pioneer work in revealing to the world this country's wealth of domestic architecture, furniture and interior decoration. Your descriptions of country houses and articles on furniture and kindred subjects have brought before the public the names of many of the leading architects and designers of former days. But, in spite of all that has been done, little information concerning the actual craftsmen themselves seems likely to be available. The list of known cabinet makers, for instance, is surprisingly small; and every name that can be added to it should be carefully preserved and placed on record. With this object in view I am forwarding to you a printed label bearing a maker's name which I found affixed inside the drawer of a walnut dressing glass in my possession.



All Sorts of Cabinet Work Mahogany Tables Looking Glasses Chairs &c Made & Sold by Benj. Crook at y^e George & White Lyon on y^e South Side of St. Pauls Church Yard LONDON.

The glass dates from about 1740, and it is interesting to note that, though Benj. Crook states that he is making tables in mahogany, the glass itself is in the older-fashioned walnut. Signatures of this kind on English furniture are of rare occurrence. I only know of one or two others; and I venture to hope that its publication in COUNTRY LIFE may induce those of your readers who know of or may happen to come across any more to communicate them to you. If you will open your columns to further correspondence on the subject, you will add to the gratitude which lovers of English things all owe you.—H. CLIFFORD SMITH.

A MANX SHEARWATER IN OXFORDSHIRE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Last week a Manx shearwater was found alive in a coal shed on a farm near the River Windrush, between Stanton Harcourt and Witney. It was alive when found, but died shortly afterwards. The occurrence of this rare bird in the centre of England may be worth recording.—H.

SILKWORKS.

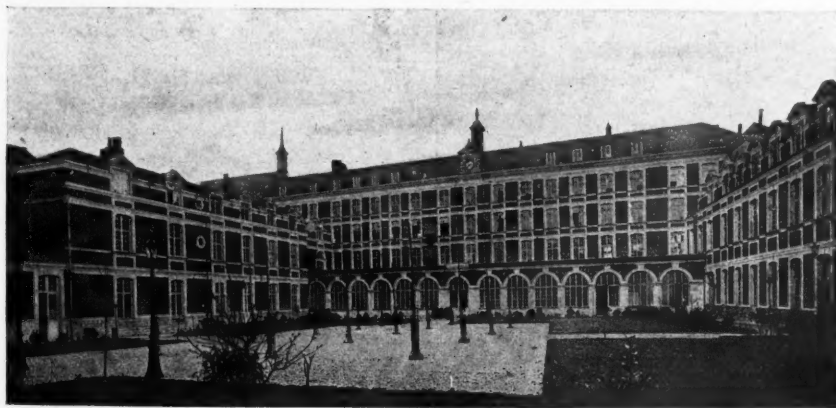
[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Do you think that through the medium of your paper you could get me any information on using the silk spun by the silkworm? Our children (L.C.C. School, N.W.) were very successful with their last "windings," but there the matter has always ended. I should so like them to see something actually made from it. If you can help me I shall be most grateful.—ELEANOR B. LING.

THE ENGLISH COLLEGE AT DOUAI.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—All who have visited the historic town of Douai, which, like many another beautiful French town, has suffered irreparable injury at the hands of the barbarian, will remember the Benedictine College there for English students. The College was founded in 1566 and has never wanted students from England, who have thus formed a continuous link until the present day with English life. Douai, too, has given its name to the well known Douai version of the Bible, which is used by English-speaking Roman Catholics.—ECCLESIASTICUS.



THE BENEDICTINE COLLEGE AT DOUAI.

HEDINGHAM CASTLE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—As one who is interested in the history and antiquities of Essex, I was greatly pleased to learn from the letter of Sir William St. John Hope, printed in your issue of October 12th, that no irreparable damage has been done to Hedingham Castle by the recent fire. It would have been a matter of deep regret to many if serious disaster had happened to the stately keep, which has stood for eight centuries as an excellent example of Norman architecture and a memorial of its former owners, the de Veres, who for so many generations took a prominent part in national events. The manor of Hedingham or Haingheham, as it is written in Domesday Book, formed part of the large estates which Aubrey de Vere, one of the chief supporters of William, Duke of Normandy, obtained as his share of the spoils of the conquest of England. The earliest historical reference to the Castle is found in the Chronicle of Ralph de Coggeshall. It is therein recorded that when King Stephen in the fifth year of his reign (1140) took into his own custody the castles of barons on whose loyalty to himself he could not depend, Aubrey de Vere, grandson of the Conqueror's companion, was allowed to retain possession of his castles at Hedingham, Canfield and Camps. One of the special features of Hedingham Castle is the beautiful apartment known as the Audience Chamber or Armoury, which occupies the whole space within the walls on the second floor. An arch of noble proportions spans the chamber



THE AUDIENCE CHAMBER.

from side to side, its centre standing 21ft. above the floor. Other arches, decorated with handsome mouldings, are seen on the sides of the chamber and over the fireplaces. Of the great arch an eminent antiquary and expert in architecture once said that it is "the finest specimen of its kind in the world." I send with this letter an engraving taken from "Britton's Architectural Antiquities of Great Britain," which gives a general view of the chamber. The visitor to the castle may let his fancy revive many scenes of the past, such, for instance, as those connected with the death at the Castle in 1151 of Maud, Stephen's Queen; the siege and capture of the Castle by King John in 1216 and by Louis the Dauphin of France in the following year; and the assembly here of the great company of knights, squires, and men-at-arms in the summer of 1415, before setting out to the campaign in France, which ended so speedily in the great victory at Agincourt. It is earnestly to be hoped that soon after the termination of the war means may be found to restore the floors and roof of the keep, and to make it accessible again to the public.—GEORGE BIDDLE.

LAVENDER GROWING IN JERSEY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Would you kindly let me know through your Correspondence columns if the soil of Jersey would agree with lavender? I would like, shortly, all the hints you can give as to the culture of this delicious herb. Would broom or gorse mixed with lavender do well?—GEORGE BERDEN.

[It is probable that lavender would thrive quite well in Jersey, and ground upon which vegetables and potatoes have been grown would suit it. It can be increased by cuttings or soft shoots dibbled into sandy soil in a shaded border or in a cold frame in June and July, or larger pieces can be detached from the parent plant and be placed in an outdoor border in March. The points must be taken out of the shoots of young plants a few times to induce a bushy habit. Plant for a permanency about 2ft. apart in the rows and 2ft. to 3ft. apart between the rows. After the flowers are over, cut the plants back to the base of the flower-stalks. When plants begin to show signs of deterioration, begin again with young stock. Patches of gorse and lavender can be intermixed, but the lavender is less successful under such conditions. Plants can be planted at any period between the present and March.—ED.]

THE CELEBRATION OF THE ACHIEVEMENT OF ITALIAN UNITY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

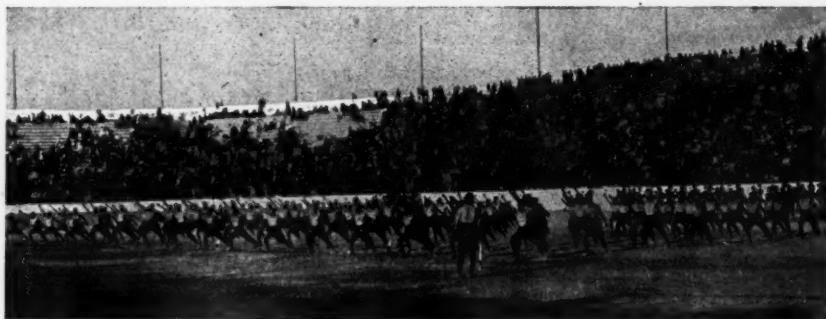
SIR,—This year the celebration of the victorious entry of the Italian Army and the first King of Italy into Rome has been specially interesting. Owing to the war, of course, the pageantry was less than in peace time; but though the uniforms were those of war, the celebration was not only national, but international, because the Allied nations sent contingents to take part in it. The reception of the pipes of the 2nd Gordon Highlanders was extremely enthusiastic, for, curious to relate, the Romans have a keen appreciation of the music of the pipes, as they are played in the hills round about, and at the festival dating from the very earliest days when Rome was founded by shepherds from the Alban Hills, the shepherds have come down to play their pipes in the streets of Rome. This now takes place at the feast of the Epiphany, an example of one of the many pagan festivals adapted by the Early Church. The Gordons were led on this occasion by Pipe-Sergeant-Major Laidlaw, who won his V.C. at Loos, rescuing his Colonel, who, unfortunately, died on the way back from well in the German line. One of the most interesting parts of the celebration from a military point of view was the fine performance of the Czecho-Slovaks, who form an Italian Regiment, at physical drill. Their discipline was perfection, and their movements, as the photograph shows, were made as if by one man. The heat of the weather in Rome may be judged by the glare; the sirocco has been blowing for more than a fortnight. It will be noted that the troops exercised half-stripped. They concluded their very interesting exhibition by forming a human pyramid, symbolising Italy's triumph. The other events were also interesting, especially the 6,000 metre race, which was won by Italy, and a very fine performance it was, considering the extreme heat of the afternoon. The gymnastic displays also were good. There was, among other attractions, the finish of a motor-cycle race from Milan to Rome, and a football match between Belgium and Italy. A stage of the game is seen in the photograph. In the evening the Allied bands played in the Corso, and the next morning there was a review of troops, finishing at the Panthéon, the famous church where the Kings of Italy are buried and which was once a Roman temple, and is one of the most beautiful interiors in the world.—W. H. LIVENS (Capt. R.E.).

SWAN-GEESE.

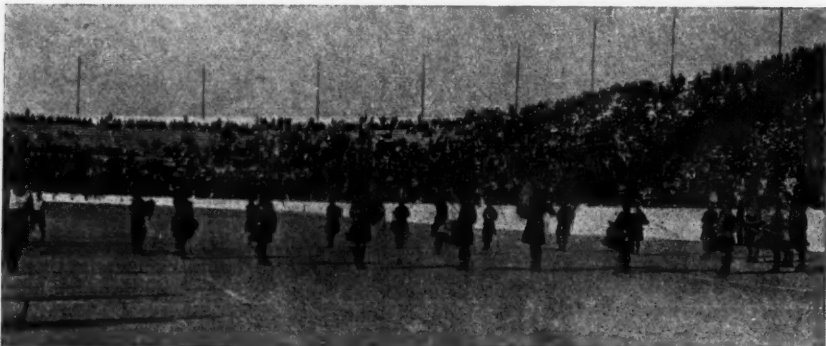
[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Three years ago, on the river Kelvin, which at this point forms the boundary between the County of the City of Glasgow and Dumbartonshire, a black Australian swan (*Cygnus Australis*) mated with a Canadian goose (*Bernicia Canadensis*). A fine, healthy hybrid was produced and this bird is at present preserved in the Zoo at Edinburgh, where it has been a source of much interest to ornithologists and others. The following year the same birds mated again; the eggs this time were collected as it was feared that they might be destroyed by rats, and under a hen one hybrid was hatched out and that also went to the Zoo. The mother, after her first clutch of eggs had been taken from her, laid again and reared four hybrids as a second brood. During the following winter two of these birds were despatched to Edinburgh. In July of this year it was noticed one day that instead of the two hybrids

went to be seen on the river, three were swimming about together. Enquiry was made of the Zoo authorities in Edinburgh, and it was ascertained that two of their birds had escaped when they were attempting to catch them in order to clip their wings. One was recovered from a neighbouring farm,



PHYSICAL DRILL BY THE CZECHO-SLOVAK REGIMENT.



THE PIPERS OF THE 2ND GORDONS IN ROME.

the other flew home, a distance of about fifty miles, and took up its residence on its home river just as if it had never been away. I think your readers may be interested to hear about the facts mentioned above, for surely such a homing instinct in a bird half a swan and half a goose, in itself a great rarity, is very interesting. If any of your readers who may have heard or had experience of a similar occurrence would make it known through your correspondence columns, it would be of great interest.—G. I. C.

RURAL HOUSING.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In your issue for Oct. 12th I was glad to see your correspondent, S. O'Dwyer, touch on a point in connection with rural housing which I think deserves more attention than it usually receives, viz., the use of local building materials. I write from the County of Argyll, where the failure to use local material is most noticeable and much to be deplored. Throughout the Highlands, not only is the material often unsuitable, but the whole style of architecture totally out of keeping with old tradition and unharmonious with the natural beauty of the countryside. The picturesque thatched "but and ben" is, of course, doomed, and rightly so, for it was usually insanitary, or at any rate inconvenient; but surely a medium might be found between it and the pseudo-villa now dotting the loch shores? Red-tiled or pink corrugated iron roofs, painted wood cornices, overhanging eaves—often beautiful in their appropriate setting—are as foreign importations obnoxious to the Highlands, where neutral tones, simple yet dignified lines, would surely be more in accordance with natural characteristics. In a word, all ostentation in colour or line should be avoided. In view of the settlements of ex-soldiers to be "planted" in the Highlands very shortly, this aspect of the housing question is important.—L. CAMPBELL.

THE BAZAAR AT QUETTA.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I am sending you a photograph which I took recently of the native bazaar at Quetta. On the left you may see the beginning of what is known as "the thieves' market," which has a good many of the characteristics that used to belong to Petticoat Lane in the old days before it was swept clean of violence and romance and renamed, dully enough, Middlesex Street. The young man in the foreground of the picture is a typical Baluchi. He belongs to a tribe that is bandit by tradition and descent. The Baluchi have credit, however, for being less turbulent, less bloodthirsty and, indeed, less fanatical than, for example, the Pathan.—H.



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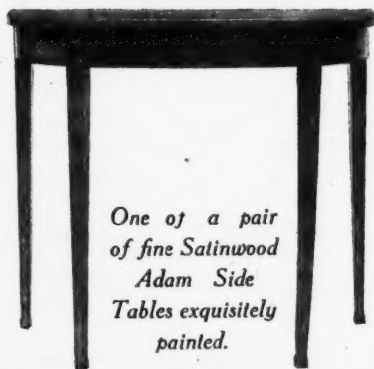
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TWO SUMMER NIGHTS IN FRANCE

THERE was really nothing memorable about the first night. Had I kept a diary I should find no record of it beyond the prosaic "Camped out; fished." Why, then, should it have lurked in my memory? Above all, why did bits of it come back to fill the quiet intervals of a noisy, distracted raid night? Was it some faint scent from tree or flower which acted as the developer on this forgotten negative? Or was the link to be found in the stone colour of the twilight sky above the wooded hills, or in the dip of a May fly on the canal? I cannot tell. There were some points of resemblance, but more of contrast. Here, too, I was spending "the wee sma' 'ooers ayont the twal" on the bare earth, and not far from a river famous in story; but instead of being alone I had many companions; instead of a rod, waders and a fishing basket I carried blankets and a shrapnel helmet.

The sun had gone down behind the mysterious peak where Thomas the Rhymer lived in far-off days, and sedge warblers—the "Scottish nightingales" of the country folk—were singing vespers, when I reached the tent near the salmon-fisher's shiel. The air was full of ballad notes (instead of shrapnel). Throwing my gear into the salmon coble I shoved off from the bank, startling a waterhen from its nest in the rushes. I pulled slowly up-stream, where the water runs fast and shallow between the great trees and the green haughs, to the island. It was a clear, windless night near midsummer, and the trout were rising best between ten and midnight. In that time I got three fish with Greenwell's Glory, and though I continued till after two o'clock, only added one more.

But what did the fishing matter? It was, after all, only an excuse, mere *camouflage* for idling by the river, enjoying the beauty of glorious June nights, which are never truly dark, and soaking in the romance which steepes the valley from Yarrow and Liddesdale down to Marmion's Castle and away out to Cuthbert's rock-bound cell. So I telescoped my rod and, among the mint and marjoram and great willow herbs of the island, rested and gave myself up to the spell of the Tweed, which went singing through my consciousness, deeper into my being than I knew at the time; for here on this second summer night, when demands were made on reserves of nervous force, its "kind remembered melody" came back to strengthen and solace. A light breeze stirred the monkey flowers at the marge; a water-rat plopped; the song of birds began; the stars dimmed in the growing light of morning.

"We've got an order for — at 2.45, but the R.T.O. doesn't think there'll be a machine for us till morning, so we're to clear out and take cover."

A knot of orderlies had gathered at the end of the train; they were in big overcoats, though the night was warm; the more provident also brought blankets, stretcher pillows and shrapnel helmet (one wore his as a "bustle"), and their pockets bulged with biscuits and cheese. They streamed hillward, past the Y.M.C.A., and out across the marshes, shedding a few of their number on the way. They were in high spirits, perhaps partly assumed, and wore, though somewhat dejectedly, a picnic air. "What a life! What a game! What fools we must look!" were the reflections of the contemplative few.

Under the white cliffs we divided to seek shelter. Seven of us crowded into a small cave and tried to settle. Bits of chalk detached themselves from the sides and slid coldly down one's spine. Strange protuberances and knobby corners grew up against one's bones, but when the alarm guns boomed and the shrapnel clattered overhead we were glad of our shelter, uncomfortable though it might be.

Soon the night sky looked like a loci problem in geometry. Guns flashed. New stars sparkled for a moment and went out. Evil machine-made noises of many kinds rent the still night. Between the guns droned the engines of the Gothas like the buzz of mosquitoes mocking the curses of their victims. Bombs shook the earth, and presently we saw the woods silhouetted against the glow of a fire. Another bomb left a noisome gaslike cloud in its wake.

At last "silence, like a poultice, came to still the blows of sound." We all seemed to be talking at once. Like Prospero from his cell, a turn or two we walked to still our beating mind. We collected on the roadway. Experiences were exchanged with men from our own and other trains. One who came up was greeted with, "Hullo! Stopped running?" An Irishman told in racy, inimitable manner of his vain attempt to dodge barrage and bombs, which had followed him round as though he were their particular objective. We compared notes as to sensations aroused by falling shrapnel (a) in the open; (b) in cave-like shelter; (c) in leafy copses and big woods. Rumours were thick and varied; there had been so many casualties, so many planes had been shot down, and our train had gone out. Even the latter moved us but little. And all the time I could hear in my mind's ear the varied voices of a distant Border river.

A second raid found us back in our cave. And so it went on till the church bells told us it was an hour before dawn. Then blankets and other impediments were gathered up, pipes were lit, and we filed back, looking very much like Falstaff's ragged army.

But even this night of alarms and excursions had its compensations. Another train went north to — instead of us, while ours steamed leisurely south and east in holiday mood, through rich meadows and woods and sunlit valleys to Paris, and thence to a peaceful country siding, where yellow mellilot and viper's bugloss grew between the rails, and nightingales sang and stone curlews startled the night with their eerie note.

E. A. C.

ENCHANTMENT

THE old-time traveller who stepped into a fairy ring and immediately experienced all manner of seductions and adventures suffered no sense of unreality, and not until he found himself with weary feet and whitened hair, returning to the haunts he had left one spring night long, long ago, did he realise that a lifetime had vanished in a moment of enchantment.

But to-day, in one of the loveliest corners of England, under an October sun with an incredible beauty and ripeness all around, amid sweet air and ravishing sounds, there is dimly present a sense of illusion, a consciousness of fragility in the exquisite spell of the hour, an expectation of the moment when we shall wake up again to the real time, the war-time; the real place, a field of battle; our real age, the age of labour and sorrow.

But unlike the ancient traveller, one does not fear bewitchment—one courts it and yields to it, hugging and cherishing the so undeserved privilege of a sojourn in fairyland. For it is a fairyland and a fairy hour, although the map calls the place a forest border and the calendar marks the time as October 1st.

The track runs west and the northern hedge is still soaked with dew and hung with the shimmering filigree work of the trustful spider who seems to appeal to our forbearance by the very fragility of his architecture. From the southern hedge come warm scents of crushed hazel leaves, of wine-ripe fruit, of wild parsnip seed and of sun-warmed pines. Walking in the middle of the path between the northern and southern hedges one has dawn and noon at once, a sure sign that witchery is at work.

The sky is blue as an Italian sky and yet quite different, for it does not mingle with the air as Italian skies do, but keeps its station, high, pure and distinct. It is a virgin sky and does not mate with the earth as in classic countries. The hedge, too, is wholly Gothic, full of bewildering detail, every fragment of it carved and painted. No two nuts delicately brown between their green sheaths are quite alike; no two blackberries, whether hard and red or melting into drops of purple-black wine, are of the same weight and girth. The bryony berries are scarlet as any fresh robed cardinal, and yet they differ, if only by the exquisite shadow of one berry cast eclipse-like upon its fellow. The hips of the rose have more yellow under their scarlet, and a touch of blueness in the blood of the hawthorn berries makes them crimson. The sloe varies from silver grey through every shade of slate to a soft black, while the dark, glossy privet berries set off the gayer colours as a Parisian lady's knot of black velvet sets off her summer dress. If you look for something *chic*, for a touch of rareness, there are the fruits of the spindle tree, with their pink capsules split and standing out like wings to the better display of the orange-coloured arillus. The spindle berry—"The fruit that in our winter woodland looks a flower"—is no bad emblem of learning so lightly carried as to appear but a grace.

Below the thorn, the hazel, the gaily splashed bramble and the maple, burning itself away, grow the great knapweeds, purple when newly opened, almost blue if of longer standing. No gardener ever planned a better colour scheme than that here carried out, where the mauve scabious nods against golden hawkweed and ragwort, while, poking through from a summer ploughed field, is the queenly and capricious corn marigold, showing among the lesser yellows as a sun among stars. The blue tints have been coaxed from the green of the bracken as if on purpose that its yellows and browns might the better set off the rich autumn moss and the azure harebell, the purple leather and pale sheep's bit.

A grasshopper, careless of all the morals of La Fontaine, is leading a short life and a merry. His equal music does not seem monotonous, being so charged with his momentarily renewed delight. And, indeed, some such chirruping as his would better express the rare deliciousness of this hour than all my varied words.

Across a field comes the sound of little human grasshoppers—children playing with the painted and polished seeds of the horse-chestnut trees, trees that make a golden canopy over the grassy mound. "Oblyonker, my first conquer," the children cry as they bowl their chosen chestnut against a rival. Other children, like the model ant, are gathering harvests for the winter and seem no less gay than their idler fellows. There is so much to gather—mushrooms and blackberries for dinner or the market, sloes for cordial, bracken for the horse's bed, acorns for the pig, furze for the fire, and thorns to crackle under the washing-pot or under the cauldron of piggy's too odorous fare.

A bend in the lane opens up a patch of forest land bearing great oaks, bracken and bramble. The sunlight flickers through the foliage and lights the rugged boughs, making little patches of yellow light on the fine turf below and lights the acorns which



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lie about like pebbles on the sand. At any moment Gurth, the swincherd, and Wamba, the son of Witless, might appear with their "inharmonious charges"—the porkers of Boldrewood. Except that there is glass in the windows of the squatter's clay-built hut near by, it might well be the hermitage of Copmanhurst. For this is a land of small farmers, of a people whose methods have altered little in a thousand years, and whose bank is still the stocking, the mattress, or the underside of the hearth-stone.

In this enchanted world there is no change but that of the seasons. A few steps further on, where a vein of chalk runs through the clay and sand, there is a solitary beech. Now, although one may in late autumn resist the allurements of the too green grass beneath the oak, there is nothing to be done with the enticing, high, dry-cornered, stool-like roots of the beech but to sit upon them with thankfulness. The spell is at its deepest when there crawls by a quaint little beetle, like a ladybird encrusted with minute fragments of lichen and grey bark. Protective colouring, *camouflage* practised ages before the Crusades, and yet so modern as to endanger all the charm of fairyland. But moving under the yew tree opposite is an elf-like little creature, pink and buff of waistcoat, blue-grey of coat, one of the daintiest of the dainty order of birds—a little nuthatch, searching the ground beneath the yew. This fruitful yew tree is the favourite dining table of a missel thrush, but he eats only the lovely rosy aril and lets the hard seeds fall like crumbs from his table, and in such crumbs the nuthatch delights. A robin sings an autumn song of tender memories and ready resignation, and, in sharp contrast to this mood, comes the call of a yaffle, fresh, clear, vigorous and challenging as though he had just been created and were not the N-th woodpecker in succession of a family settled in England long, long before the Conquest. A russet wren, like an animated and tuneful nut, pops out and tells all who will listen that this is a delightful world, an enchanted world, and there is no mistake about it. Seven tortoiseshell butterflies chase one another round a clump of burdocks. One tries to distinguish pursuer and pursued, but cannot; the dance is too quick, the dancers, like ladies too completely in the fashion, are only distinguishable from one another by minute differences

of size. A grand cock pheasant comes out from the bushes and suns himself in the open, not deigning to fear the human observer under the beech tree, and yet he must know how palatable he is—full of stubble, corn and blackberries. But at the sight of a chubby, stuffed-looking little boy coming down the glade the gaudy bird lifts himself lazily over the brambles and is soon out of sight.

Ask the new-comer what he has been doing all day, and in a voice hoarse and throaty from the much swallowing of rough-edged fragments he will say: "Eatin'—eatin' nuts." Even now one can, if one knows where to go, eat free of cost all day, east persistently, passionately, and yet come into no conflict with the Food Controller. Ah, Jimmy, the spell is broken. This is not real, your occupation is impossible, Jimmy. Real people fill shells and shoot them and suffer them; they do not go nutting and blackberrying. You are in fairyland here with the warm scents and the coloured birds and the kindly fruits of the earth.

"This aint fairyland," says Jimmy, contemptuously, "this here's as real as real; I comed here last year, and last year, and last year before that; I comed here five years, and I be going to come here when I be ever so old, so old as twenty. There'll be a grand moon come to-night," Jimmy continues, looking round. "What's the good of the moon now, Jimmy? 'Tis only a German lantern. It would be better if the old witch woman had never swept the cobwebs off her." "'Tis the Germans be witches," says Jimmy, again, "this here's as real as real. My mother did used to come here, and my granny, and now I be here —" After all, Jimmy, you are right and your children and grandchildren shall come here, and the wicked enchantress is the Prussian eagle spreading her nightmare shadow about us till the lovely day seems a dream and the sane, clean earth too good to be true: and either the old witch eagle must turn herself really into the dove she used to pretend to be, or we must so clip and singe her wicked wings that they shall never overshadow you, Jimmy, nor any who, like you, shall come here to feast on Nature's bounty and bask in the sun before the long night falls upon oppressor and oppressed, upon deliverer and delivered.

ANNA DE BARY.

TURF, STUD AND STABLE

THERE is much of interest to write about for those who like to keep in touch with the affairs of the Turf. Four days of racing at Newmarket last week were brimful of incident, and, as an aside, we saw a two year old submitted for sale by public auction on which there was a reserve of £40,000! Of course, it was a splendid joke to play off in these anxious times, and right hearty and long was the laughter and banter. Mr. Somerville Tattersall looked pained, as if his audience had not realised the solemnity of the moment and the need for an awe-compelling silence. Really, I suppose, everyone around the sale-ring should have prostrated himself on the announcement being made that not less than £40,000 would buy The Panther, who was considered by the auctioneer to be the best two year old of the season. Instead, they at once recognised that a tit-bit of irresistible farce was being enacted, and they could not stop laughing even when Mr. Tattersall, with usher-like severity, frowned his indignant reproaches on all guilty of such unseemly ribaldry. "Some day," he was understood to murmur, "the laugh may be with others." Perhaps! And yet I think we shall all live to laugh another day over the memory of this unexpected morsel of choice burlesque. After this we may look forward with some confidence to further displays of keen wit in a place which hitherto has been sternly and consistently innocent of humour and rollicking farce. I suppose we must convey our thanks to Sir Alexander Black for the conspicuous and successful part he played in introducing the new era. The Panther has won a couple of races in this his first season on the Turf, but evidently it has been settled that he will win everything he starts for hereafter, including classic and Cup races. Hence the temerity shown in only placing his value at £40,000 now. One wonders what it will have soared (or declined) to at this time next year. The imagination reels!

The result of the Cesarewitch was a dreadful tragedy for Lord Glanely, as owner, and all associated with the three year old He, who was beaten a few inches at the winning post by Mr. W. M. Cazalet's Air Raid. Had He been ridden by Donoghue, as was the intention until the Saturday before the race, the horse would have won. Of that there can be no shadow of doubt. The boy, A. Smith, may be very capable and worthy, but he is not a Donoghue either in experience or skill. The substitution made all the difference. People are wondering why the jockey declined to ride the horse. I know the facts, and I hope Lord Glanely was just and fair enough to hear the jockey's version as he would be given the trainer's version. At any rate, Donoghue did the right and manly thing by going to the Stewards before the race and asking them to hear his reasons. They listened to them and they accepted them as being quite satisfactory. I will only add this comment on what was a most disagreeable business: that Donoghue is as straight a little man as ever gave his brains and skill to the art of race-riding, and that he would never have gone

to the extreme length of refusing to ride the Cesarewitch favourite had he not felt deeply hurt and aggrieved. The sequel is utterly dismal. An extremely popular win would have been scored and the effect would have re-acted most favourably on the colours He carried. Moreover, Lord Glanely races on the right scale, and by his participation he is doing a lot of good to racing at a time when the Turf wants all such help possible. He was, therefore, eminently deserving of what this success would have meant to him.

Air Raid, to whom went the spoils, brought still further credit to the wonderful Manton stable and its all-conquering trainer, Alec Taylor. The horse is a sturdy son of Willonyx, who gained a notable Cesarewitch victory with over 9st. on his back. He comes, therefore, of staying stock, but it is nevertheless a truly astonishing thing that so many of the Manton trained horses should be very fine natural stayers. That delightful mare, My Dear, who put two more victories last week to her admirable record, is unquestionably a genuine stayer, for it is to this virtue that she owes her successes in great part. I have a great admiration for her courage, kindness, and merit, and afterwards Mr. Cox may reasonably anticipate an interesting career for her at the stud.

A *propos*, I was talking to a well known breeder after My Dear's second victory of the week, and he spoke of the marvel it was that Mr. Cox had bred such remarkable winners—Bayardo, Lemberg, Gay Crusader, and My Dear—from an extremely limited stud and with singularly little grass space available on the outskirts of Newmarket. Then he recalled an occasion when he was in the company of the late Major Eustace Loder at his stud in Ireland. One of the visiting mares to Spear-mint was an unprepossessing animal that seemed as if worth no more than £20. They enquired what it was, and were told that it was Galicia. Galicia, the dam of Bayardo and Lemberg! Well, the result of the mare's visit was that she bred to Spear-mint a filly afterwards named Silesia, and Silesia is now entitled to what fame attaches to the dam of such an undoubtedly good one as is My Dear.

The Panther may be the best two year old—indeed, it is a view I have ventured to express more than once—but the admirers of Stefan the Great, who won the Middle Park Plate, are entitled to throw out a challenge. As a matter of fact, there is no two year old standing out as a champion this season in the same way, say, that "Stefan's" sire, The Tetrarch, did in his memorable year. Many years are likely to elapse before we shall find another sire having such a year as The Tetrarch has enjoyed with his first season's two year olds. It is a record commensurate with the phenomenon he himself was on the racecourse.

A line in conclusion to suggest that Rivershore may win the Cambridgeshire at Newmarket next week, but I hope nothing untoward may occur to prevent Donoghue from keeping to the arrangement that he will pilot the horse on the day. PHILIPPUS